

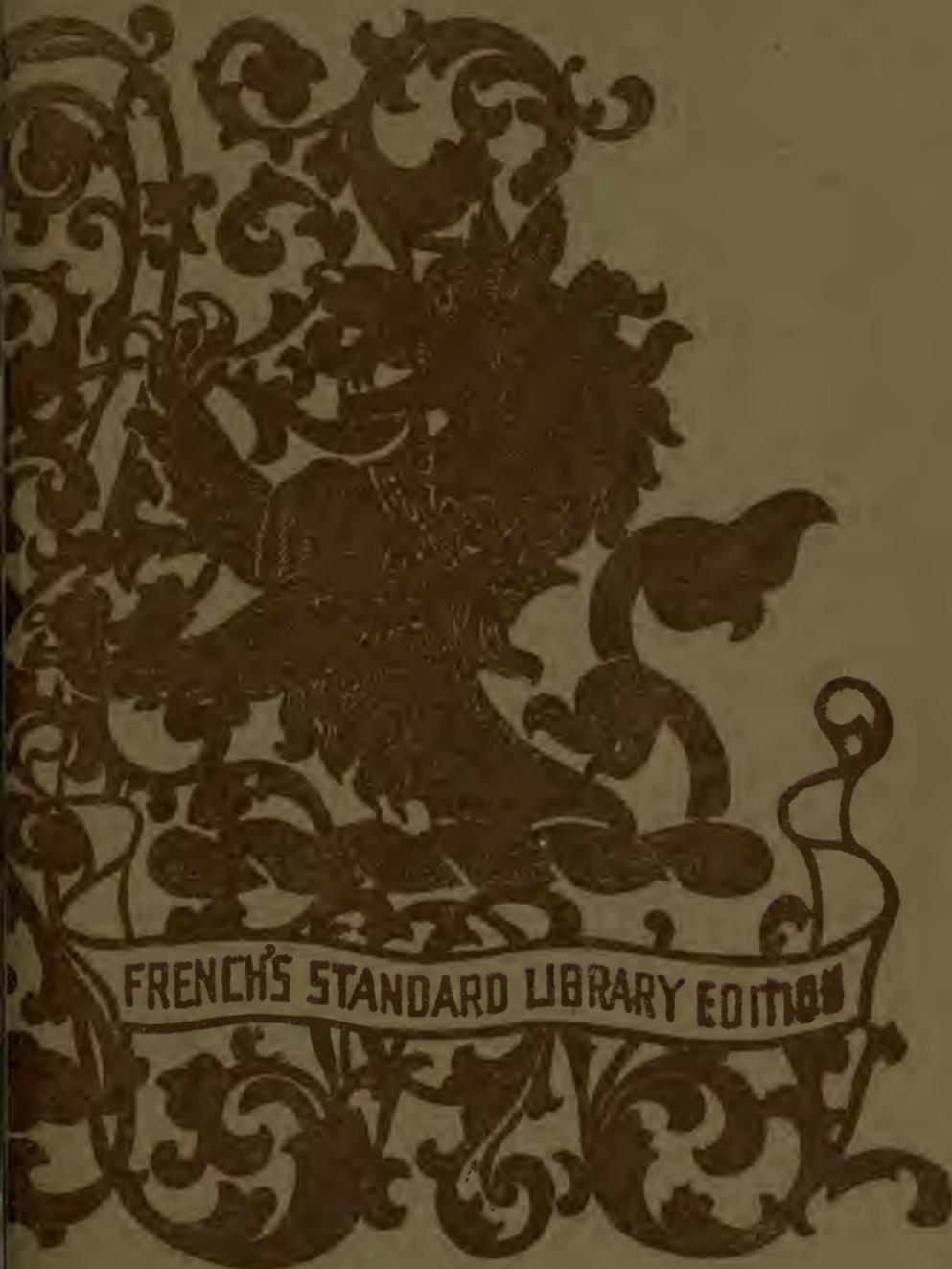
UC-NRLF



B 3 342 114

OME OUT OF HE KITCHEN

A. E. THOMAS



MUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to-date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—*she means every time*—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate recognition of her judgment and management—*that is the basis of the plot*. The top star to cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage offer numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the play.

The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harris Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original French cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris. When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's appearance can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death, failing with it the happiness of telling otherwise happy action in connection" (Burns Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

Come Out of the Kitchen

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By
A. E. THOMAS

BASED ON THE STORY OF THE SAME NAME BY ALICE DUER
MILLER

All rights reserved

CAUTION — Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that "COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN," being fully protected under copyright laws of the United States, Great Britain and Canada, is subject to a royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the owners or their authorized agents will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Applications for amateur acting rights must be made to SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Applications for professional acting rights must be made to Henry Miller, Henry Miller's Theatre, 125 West 43rd Street, New York.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

"Come Out of the Kitchen"

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY (HARPER'S BAZAR)
COPYRIGHT, 1916, (IN NOVEL FORM), BY THE CENTURY COMPANY
COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY A. E. THOMAS

Especial notice should be taken that the possession of this book without a valid contract for production first having been obtained from the publisher, confers no right or license to professionals or amateurs to produce the play publicly or in private for gain or charity.

In its present form this play is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, or public reading, or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

This play may be presented by amateurs upon payment of a royalty of Twenty-five Dollars for each performance, payable to Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, one week before the date when the play is given.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French of New York."

Attention is called to the penalty provided by law for any infringement of the author's rights, as follows:

"SECTION 4966:—Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs and assigns, shall be liable for damages thereof, such damages, in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year."—U. S. Revised Statutes: Title 60, Chap. 3.

960
T453
com
1921

The following is a copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN," at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, October 23, 1916.

GEORGE M. COHAN THEATRE
HENRY MILLER
PRESENTS
RUTH CHATTERTON
WITH BRUCE MCRAE AND A STRONG CAST
IN
COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS
BY
A. E. THOMAS

(Based on the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

OLIVIA DANGERFIELD, *Alias Jane Ellen*.. RUTH CHATTERTON
ELIZABETH DANGERFIELD, *Alias Araminta*.. BARBARA MILTON
MRS. FALKENER, *Tucker's Sister*.... MARGUERITE ST. JOHN
CORA FALKENER, *Her Daughter*..... ALICE LINDAHL
AMANDA, *Olivia's Black Mammy*.. MRS. CHARLES G. CRAIG
BURTON CRANE, *From the North*..... BRUCE MCRAE
THOMAS LEFFERTS, *Statistical poet*..... HARRY MESTAYER
SOLON TUCKER, *Crane's Attorney and Guest*—

WILLIAM H. SAMS

PAUL DANGERFIELD, *Alias Smithfield*.. CHARLES TROWBRIDGE
CHARLES DANGERFIELD, *Alias Brindlebury*.... ROBERT AMES
RANDOLPH WEEKS, *Agent of the Dangerfields*—

WALTER CONNOLLY

TIME.—The Present.

PLACE.—The Dangerfield mansion in Virginia.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Drawing-room of the Dangerfield mansion. NOTE: During this act the curtain will be lowered for ten seconds to indicate the passing of four hours' time.

ACT II. The kitchen—afternoon—two days later.

ACT III. The dining-room—just before dinner on the same day.

Come Out of the Kitchen

ACT I

SCENE: *See photograph. Drawing-room of the Daingerfield mansion—a rather stately, big, old family homestead of the typical Virginia country sort. There's a fireplace at R., two windows at L. The entrance, L.C., is from the hall at rear. When the door is opened the foot of the staircase is seen. All the furniture and appointments, while originally high-class and still beautiful in their simple colonial way, show signs of long use. Over the fireplace hangs, on R. wall, a portrait of Grandfather Daingerfield in a Lieutenant's uniform of the Confederate States of America. On the mantel is a clock set and a little miniature of a young girl in the dress of 1840. It is beautifully set in gold frame.*

AT RISE: ELIZABETH, CHARLES and PAUL DAINERFIELD are discovered. CHARLIE is at R.C. ELIZABETH is wearing her hat (seated L.C.) and a walking-suit. PAUL is standing c. In short, the family is evidently ready for departure. PAUL is the oldest of all the Daingerfield children, being about twenty-four. He is a tall,

slim, grave young man, thoughtful but with little initiative. ELIZABETH is a year or so younger, inclined to plumpness—not a bad sort, but a little sulky by nature. CHARLIE is the youngest of the group, being a lad of scarcely seventeen, quick-moving, spirited and rather merry.

After the curtain rises, the three are silent a moment. Presently PAUL looks at his watch, evidently expecting someone.

CHARLES seated chair R. C.

PAUL. (*Before speaking, moves up stage, then down again c.*) Reckon the old place is going to miss us? (*A pause.*) Been a long time since there weren't any Dangerfields at all under this roof. (*A pause.*) Grandfather Daingerfield looks a little reproachful, doesn't he? Never mind, never mind, old boy. Of course, it's pretty hard being left alone in the old house with a confounded Yankee millionaire, but after all, it's only for six weeks. So for Heaven's sake, cheer up.

CHARLEY. That's the idea, Grand-dad. That's the idea, but— (*Looks at painting over fireplace.*) Well, anyhow, dear Grandma don't look so grumpy. We're not leaving you for long, and we don't like it any better than you do—but we need the money.

PAUL. Need the money! I should say we do.

ELIZABETH. (*Breaking her rather sullen silence for the first time*) I don't like it. I don't like it at all. I've said so from the beginning.

PAUL. Heaven knows you have, Bess. You've said it and said it and said it until I'm beginning to get sick of the sound of your voice.

ELIZABETH. I don't believe father and mother would approve of it for a moment.

PAUL. (*Seated armchair R. of table R.*) Well,

we've got to do the best we can. If poor old dad had his health it would be different. Do you realize he and mother have been abroad almost a year?

CHARLES. (*Coming to back of chair c.*) Year next week.

PAUL. Traveling around from Wiesbaden to Marienbad and from Marienbad to Carlsbad—and poor dad getting worse all the time.

CHARLES. Going from bad to worse, so to speak.

ELIZABETH. (*Rises, moves up c.*) Charlie, how can you joke about such a thing?

CHARLES. (*Turns up c., stopping her*) Sorry—I didn't mean it. I'd give my right arm for dad if it would help him, and you know it.

ELIZABETH. (*Crosses to L. side of PAUL suddenly, as if struck by a brilliant idea.*) Paul, why can't we mortgage the place? (*Crosses to back of table R.*)

CHARLES. Oh,— (*Laughs.*)

PAUL. (*Laughs*) You know perfectly well there's a mortgage on this house that weighs a ton.

CHARLES. That's why it leaks so when it rains. (*Comes down and sits R. of table L.*)

PAUL. When this house was built they put a mortgage on it before they put the roof on. And that mortgage got married and raised a big family and they're all alive still. Randy Weeks told me you couldn't raise another cent on this place to save your life.

ELIZABETH. If only dad hadn't quarrelled with Uncle Jefferson!

PAUL. Yes, I know, it's bad luck that dad should have fallen out with the only Daingerfield that has a cent, but he did and now Aunt Josephine's got to take us in out of the wet for the next six weeks, and the poor old dear can't afford it, either.

ELIZABETH. Well,—I don't like it. (*Stamps foot,*

10 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

moves to back of chair L. of table to CHARLIE.) I don't like it. I say it again, what will people say?

PAUL. What'll they say if we don't pay our bills?

CHARLES. Ah, now, Bess, what's the use of kicking? It's too late now, anyhow, and think of the \$5,000.

ELIZABETH. \$5,000 for six weeks! Why, Paul, the man must be crazy! It's bad enough to rent the place to a Northerner—but this man's evidently a lunatic as well.

PAUL. Not at all. He's just a rich man who doesn't care what it costs him so long as he gets what he wants. And just now he wants to live in an old-fashioned Southern country house for the next six weeks in the height of the hunting season.

ELIZABETH. (*Moves to chair L. of table R.C.)* Well, I don't like it.

CHARLES. (*Rises. Exasperated. Goes up c.)* Go on and hate it, then. Have a good hate, only for heaven's sake, dry up.

ELIZABETH. You know perfectly well you don't like it yourself. (*Sits chair L. of table.)*

PAUL. Of course we don't—we only— (*Rises and goes to mantle.)*

ELIZABETH. (*c.)* You wouldn't have consented to it at all if *Olivia* hadn't talked you into it. It's all her doing.

CHARLES. Well, is it her fault if Livy's got more sense than all of us put together? Here's father and mother abroad fighting for father's life and here we are at home dead broke and not one of us got the gumption to raise a dollar till Livy up and shows us the way, and just because you don't think it's dignified—(*Goes back of ELIZABETH, digging her in shoulder. ELIZABETH exclaims.)*—to rent the old place, you sit around and sob. Dignified!

PAUL. (*Goes to CHARLIE and taps him on R.*

shoulder.) Hush! Charlie! Hush! That's enough.
(Turns up above table R.C.)

CHARLES. (Not heeding him, moves back to mantel) Of course it ain't dignified, neither is starving.

ELIZABETH. Oh, I reckon we shouldn't starve.

CHARLES. We'd starve, or beg, or sponge. Which would you rather do?

ELIZABETH. Well, I tell you, I don't think—

CHARLES. (Throwing up his hands) Oh, Bess, for the sake of heaven—please! (ELIZABETH rises as OLIVIA enters.)

(Enter OLIVIA at rear. This is the third Daingerfield in point of age, being a year or two older than CHARLIE. She is of medium height, very slender and graceful, with blue-grey eyes, light brown hair and mobile features. She is clearly the beauty of the family—arch, dainty, piquant, a bit of a flirt, humorous, quick, impulsive, in short a distracting young person. She, like the others, is dressed for going away and is just finishing putting on her gloves.)

CHARLES. (Up R.C.) Hello, Livy. Thank the Lord, you've come!

OLIVIA. (c.) What's the matter?

CHARLES. Sit on Bess, for heaven's sake; nobody else can do it. (Moves to golf clubs.)

OLIVIA. What is it, Bess? (Comes to front of table L.C.)

ELIZABETH. I was only saying what I've said a dozen times before: I don't like turning the old place over to a strange Yankee, and I don't think father and mother would approve, either.

OLIVIA. (Crossing to BESS.) No, dear, I reckon they wouldn't. I reckon they don't approve of

earthquakes. Are you all ready? (*Goes to L.C. to back of table L.C.*)

PAUL. Just waiting for Jack Curley to turn up with his wagon-load of servants. (*Goes up R.*) I thought he could take us back to town on his return trip. We'd only have an hour to wait for the up train and will get to Aunt Josephine's for dinner. (*Closes door, then down c. over to R. of OLIVIA.*)

ELIZABETH. That's another thing. I wouldn't mind leaving the place so much if we were going to leave it in the care—(*Meeting OLIVIA, who comes to her, L.C.*)—of our blessed old darkies, but this turning it over to four white servants from Washington—persons we've never seen in all our lives—well!

PAUL. (*Crosses to mantle*) Oh, they're all right. They've the best of recommendations.

ELIZABETH. Well, all I've got to say is that any Yankee who doesn't know that Virginia negroes are the best servants in the world has a lot to learn.

OLIVIA. Yes, dear. (*Then she adds, obviously to create a diversion*) I don't think your hat is quite straight.

ELIZABETH. Humph! (*However, she goes promptly to the nearest mirror, L. between windows.*)

CHARLES. (*Coming to back of chair*) Bess makes me sick. You'd think to hear her talk that the rest of us had been sitting up nights trying to find some way to drag the family honor in the dust, and—

OLIVIA. (*Seizing his hand and inspecting the fingers closely*) What's this?

CHARLES. What?

OLIVIA. Cigaretes again!

CHARLES. (*Chagrined*) Well, I can't help it. (*Goes up R.C. OLIVIA follows up a bit.*)

(Enter AMANDA at rear. This is a short, fat, typical old negro mammy, formerly OLIVIA's nurse and absolutely devoted to her. She carries a small bag that bears OLIVIA's initials. She is evidently much depressed.)

AMANDA. Honey child—

OLIVIA. Well, Mandy!

AMANDA. Here's youah little grip sack, Miss Livy.

OLIVIA. Set it down by the door, please.

AMANDA. Ya'as, Miss Livy. (Puts bag on chair L. of c. door and drops apron and duster.)

OLIVIA. Have all the others gone?

AMANDA. (Turning c.) Ya'as, Miss Livvy. Dey all done gone.

OLIVIA. Sam and Wash and Jeff and Liza?

AMANDA. (A step c. to OLIVIA) Ya'as, Miss Livy, all of 'em.

OLIVIA. You understand, now, you're all to stay at the cabins until you're sent for.

AMANDA. Ya'as 'm.

OLIVIA. You're not to come within half a mile of the house—not one of you—you understand?

AMANDA. Miss Livy, honey child, how—how long dish yer banishin' gwine foh to las'?

OLIVIA. About six weeks.

AMANDA. Ain' I done gwine foh to see you-all foh six weeks?

PAUL. (Crosses down R., leans on mantel) No, Mandy, we're all going to stay with Aunt Josephine.

AMANDA. Mighty funny, Ah calls it—mighty—

OLIVIA. (Reproving her) Mandy!

AMANDA. Ya'as 'm. (A pause.)

OLIVIA. (Going to her) You mustn't worry, Mandy, we'll all be back soon.

AMANDA. (*Drawing OLIVIA's head down to her capacious bosom*) Oh, Honey! My li'l lady baby.

OLIVIA. There, there, you old dear, it's all right—it's all right. There, now—there—you just run along—and don't forget to feed my doves.

AMANDA. No'm, Ah ain' gwine fergit nothin'. (*Going.*)

OLIVIA. Good-bye, Mandy, good-bye. Don't you worry, now.

AMANDA. (c.) No, Miss Livy, I ain't goin' worry needer—but all I got to say is—dish yer Yankee man he mus' be funny Yankee man—don't want niggahs round w'en his folks all done come down here foh to sot us free. An' oh, Miss Livy, I ain' gwine let you go widout me. I jus' cain't do it!

PAUL. (*Sternly, at L. corner of fireplace*) Mandy!

AMANDA. (c. *Turns to OLIVIA*) Yes, sir. Ah ain' nevah been 'way fum yer befoh, not since you was a li'l baby what I could lif' wid one finger. W'en you-all went to New Yawk wid yoh paw an' maw, didn' I go' long too? W'en you-all was in Washin'ton w'en yoh was makin' all dem big laws, in the White House, didn' I go' long too? Wha' foh cain't I go wid you dis time, too?

OLIVIA. (r. of AMANDA) I've told you, Mandy. Aunt Josephine's hardly got room in her little hovel for us. There wouldn't be any place for you. (*Goes to L. of chair, sitting on arm.*)

AMANDA. Listen, honey, listen. Ah doan tak' up much room. (*All laugh.*) Ah'd jes' as soon sleep on de flo'.

OLIVIA. (*Kindly but firmly*) Mandy, that's enough. It's all settled. (*Goes to MANDY.*)

AMANDA. Oh, Ah doan' want to leave you, Miss Livy. I doan' want to leave mah li'l lady baby.

OLIVIA. Now, don't be silly, Mandy. (*Taking*

her hands.) It's all right. I'll soon be back. Now, honey, you run along. (Pushes AMANDA and moves L. to above chair R. of table L.C. Looks at miniatures, then sits chair L.C.)

AMANDA. I'm gwine. Oh, Miss Livy. (Goes a few steps. All turn.) Ah done hab a terrible bad dream las' night—ah—

OLIVIA. Ha! Ha! Ha! Get along with you. You're always having bad dreams. Run now,—I mean it!

AMANDA. (Going) Yas, Miss Livy. But dish yer dream Ah done hab las' night— (Coming down.)

OLIVIA. Run now, I mean it. Don't you forget a thing I've told you.

AMANDA. I cain't forget nuthin'. I never forget nuthin'. (Takes letter from skirt pocket. Laughs.) Oh, I clean forgot dis here letter what Sam got over at de post-office dis morning. But I never forgits nuthin', honey . . . never. (AMANDA laughs and exits. CHARLIE closes door after AMANDA's exit.)

ELIZABETH. What's your letter?

OLIVIA. (At chair L.C. Looking at it for the first time.) Why, it's from mother. (Crosses to armchair R.C. and sits. The others crowd eagerly about her.)

CHARLES. Where's it from? (Coming down to OLIVIA'S L. shoulder.)

OLIVIA. (Who has torn it open) Vienna.

PAUL. What's she say? (Sitting on back of table, leaning over OLIVIA.)

ELIZABETH. How's father? (Brings chair from L. and sits on the left side of OLIVIA.)

OLIVIA. (Beginning to read)

Vienna, Oct. 23d.

My Darlings:

You will doubtless be anxious to hear how your

father and I are faring in this strange land. You must have already received my last letter written on the day of our arrival. Well, since then, your father has been examined by the specialists at the hospital. I ought not to conceal from you that they think his condition very serious. In short, they think an operation is the only chance. But it will not be for a fortnight yet, as they want to build up his strength. And now some business.

(*OLIVIA pauses in the reading and gulps down a lump in her throat. The others also show their grief. Presently she goes on.*)

PAUL. Business——?

OLIVIA. —some business. Enclosed is your father's check for \$2,895. Ask Paul to send it *at once* (that's underlined), at once to John R. Charles, Washington agent of the New York Life Ins. Company. Your father hasn't the address, but you will find it in the top drawer of his desk in the library. Don't fail in this—because if things should—because if things should—if things should go wrong,—the insurance money would at least keep us all together for a little time to come. And now, my dears, don't worry too much. We are all in God's hands. Your father suffers little pain. He sends his love to all of you—and so do I. I will send you a cable when the time comes. God bless and keep you all, my dears. Mother.

(*A pause follows the reading of the letter, while the little group struggle dumbly with their sorrow. At length OLIVIA rises, moves to window L.*)

PAUL. Let me see it.

(OLIVIA gives him the letter and the check and goes to the window and looks out. There is a glimpse of a little pocket handkerchief as she dabs her eyes. ELIZABETH sits in chair R.C. PAUL goes c., looking at the check.)

PAUL. Two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five dollars. Whew!

OLIVIA. (Near window L.) How much will that leave in the bank?

PAUL. (c.) About two hundred and fifteen.

CHARLES. When's the interest on the mortgage due?

PAUL. Next month.

CHARLES. The Yank pays his rent in advance, doesn't he?

PAUL. Yes, thank God.

CHARLES. That'll make \$5,215, thanks to Livy. Some difference, eh?

OLIVIA. (At window L.) Isn't it time Jack Curley was getting here?

PAUL. (Crosses to L.C. Looking at his watch) More than time. Can't see what's keeping him.

OLIVIA. (Turning back to the window) Here's somebody in a Ford. (PAUL crosses to window.) Oh, it's Randy Weeks. Let him in, Charlie. (Crosses c.) No servants left, you know. (OLIVIA crosses to BESS. CHARLES goes out, leaving door open.) Wonder what Randy wants.

ELIZABETH. (c. Significantly, looking at OLIVIA, putting her chair back L.C.) Reckon I could guess without trying more than once.

OLIVIA. (Smiling) Oh, you, hush now!

ELIZABETH. (Teasing) Going to take him, Livy?

OLIVIA. Nonsense!

ELIZABETH. Why don't you take him or leave him?

18 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

PAUL. (*Comes behind table, between them and stands L.C.*) Don't ask silly questions, Bess. Why does a fisherman use a rod and reel and an almost invisible line when he could yank 'em out with a net? Because it's more fun.

ELIZABETH. Humph! Not for the fish. (*Crosses in front of table R.C.*)

OLIVIA. Oh, yes, but that's what he gets for being a fish! (*Crosses to L. PAUL goes up stage a little.*)

(Enter RANDOLPH WEEKS and CHARLIE. WEEKS is a nice but commonplace young Virginian of thirty years or thereabouts. PAUL goes up and greets WEEKS, then comes L. CHARLES goes R. of WEEKS at c.)

ELIZABETH. Hello, Randy.

WEEKS. Hello, Bess.

OLIVIA. The birds are just flitting, you see.

WEEKS. (c.) Yes, I'm glad I caught you in time. You see, I'm afraid I've bad news for you. I was down at the station and only two people got off the Washington train—a Baltimore drummer and a darkey with one leg.

ALL. Well, what on earth, etc. (*Ad lib. ELIZABETH sits L. of table, CHARLIE a step forward.*)

WEEKS. And now I just got a telegram—(*Produces telegram*)—from that Washington intelligence office. (*ELIZABETH pushes CHARLES and takes his place.*)

OLIVIA. Those servants not coming? (*Stands L. of L. table.*)

WEEKS. No—seems they changed their minds at the last moment.

PAUL. (*Coming down by WEEKS—CHARLES goes R. to mantel.*) But why? Why?



"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

See Page 38

WEEKS. Didn't say. Too far from the city, perhaps.

PAUL. But this is terrible—leaving us all in the lurch at the last minute.

WEEKS. Yes—I know it is.

OLIVIA. Look here, Randy. This is a mighty serious thing for us. Mr. Crane—or whatever his name is—is arriving almost any moment, isn't he?

WEEKS. Yes—he's coming in his motor.

CHARLES. (*At mantel R.*) And not a servant in the house.

ELIZABETH. Good thing, too. Only one thing to do. Get our blessed old darkies back.

OLIVIA. Bess, you know that's no good—
(*Sits chair L. of table L.C.*)

WEEKS. Livy's right. Mr. Crane was very particular about that. A full staff of white servants and no darkeys around the place—that's what he said. It's in the lease, too.

PAUL. (*Comes to WEEKS*) But it's not our fault. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, he—

WEEKS. No, old boy, I don't. The matter of the servants was the only thing he was particular about, but he made it quite clear that if his wishes in that line were not respected he would not spend a night in the place. Of course, I dare say that within a few days we could round up another bunch. Meantime—

ELIZABETH. Couldn't you telegraph him not to come for a week?

WEEKS. I reckon not. He's on his way here now—and he's asked two or three guests. (*Moves to back of table R.*)

PAUL. Well, I reckon it's all off, then. (*Crosses and puts L. arm around OLIVIA.*) We've done our best. (*Goes to window.*)

CHARLES. (*Crosses to fireplace. ELIZABETH joins him at mantel*) \$5,000 gone up the flue. Phew!

WEEKS. (*Back of table R.*) I'm mighty sorry. It's a dirty trick and so I telegraphed 'em.

CHARLES. Much good that does. We're \$5,000 out and all we get is the privilege of sassing 'em. And we can't say what we think over the wire, anyhow.

OLIVIA. (*Rises, crosses to L. of WEEKS c. Very soberly*) Look here, Randy, you know what a facer this is. You don't suppose we'd have consented to rent the old place if we hadn't been pretty near rock bottom, do you?

WEEKS. You don't have to tell me. I reckon I know.

OLIVIA. It's—it's kind of hard to talk about. Poor old dad's over there fighting for his life, that's all he can do—and the rest of us are pretty close to the wall. This \$5,000 would have kept us going quite a while. (*OLIVIA goes up c., sees AMANDA's apron, picks it up and looks at it. Also picks up duster. BESS sits R.C.*)

WEEKS. (*R.C.*) Don't I know it? That's why I boosted the price up on him till I felt like a highway robber. Oh! I know a real estate agent is supposed to have a hide like a hippopotamus; but \$5,000 for six weeks— (*Gives low whistle.*) I could be arrested for that! (*Comes in front of table L.*)

PAUL. (*At L., gloomily*) Well, you needn't worry. You're safe now.

WEEKS. (*Approaching PAUL and taking his hand*) I'm horribly sorry, old boy—really I am.

PAUL. Thanks, Randy, thanks—you did your best for 'us. (*Crosses to chair L. between windows L. Pause.*)

OLIVIA. (*Puts on apron, curtseying*) Well, what you-all wants for dinner?

PAUL. Now, Livy, is this a time for your nonsense?

OLIVIA. Does I look like the cook or doesn't I?

ELIZABETH. Livy, for goodness' sake—

CHARLES. But surely, Livy, you're not thinking of—

WEEKS. Hold your horses. Livy's not joking. She's got hold of something.

OLIVIA. Randy, there were four of those servants, weren't there?

WEEKS. Yes, four. (CHARLES comes down R. ELIZABETH comes front of table R.)

OLIVIA. What were they?

WEEKS. (Front of table L.) Why, a butler, an upstairs girl, and a sort of all-around boy for the boots and errands and so on—and a cook.

OLIVIA. What you-all wants for dinner?

PAUL. Olivia, is this a time for your nonsense?

OLIVIA. Does I look like the cook or doesn't I? Charlie's the usual boy.

CHARLES. I'm the what?

OLIVIA. (To ELIZABETH) You're the upstairs girl.

ELIZABETH. Me!

OLIVIA. Paul's the butler!

PAUL. I'm the butler!

OLIVIA. And I'm the cook. (WEEKS has not moved since speaking. He now moves up L. and across back to mantelpiece.)

PAUL. Nonsense! (Crosses to OLIVIA c.)

ELIZABETH. (Collapsing on chair R.) Well, did anybody ever hear—

PAUL. (Comes down R. of table L.c.) Livy, you don't mean it.

CHARLES. (Crosses in front of table to OLIVIA) Olive!

OLIVIA. Now don't call me Olive. That's not my

name and I don't like it. An olive is nothing but an Italian prune.

CHARLIE. But, Livy—— (*Sits L. of table R.*)

WEEKS. Look here, Livy, you don't mean it? You're not *really* serious?

ALL. See here, Livy, what in the name of—etc., etc. (*OLIVIA comes down. PAUL comes to her below table.*)

OLIVIA. (c. *Quieting them*) Hsh! Hsh! Please! Now, look here. (*WEEKS gets around back to mantel R.*) When mother and dad went abroad they took \$6,000 with them. Most of that's gone. They left \$5,000 in the bank for us. When the life insurance policy is paid there'll be \$215 of that left, and the unpaid bills are a foot high. Every stick and stone and living creature is mortgaged to the last cent. Horses, hunters, cattle, sheep, everything but the dog, and we'd have mortgaged him if he hadn't had the mange. There's not a soul that we can turn to—not a soul—there's only ourselves, and what can we do? Nothing—not a thing!

PAUL. But Livy! (*Advancing to her*) See here, there must be some other way.

OLIVIA. Oh, Paul! I'm not complaining, but you see, we've never learnt how to do anything. Bess and I particularly—just entertained girls, and Charlie hardly out of school. (*Exclamations from CHARLIE. ELIZABETH rises and goes up to WEEKS by mantel.*) And you, Paul, are going to do wonderful things, I know, when you've finished your law course; but—meantime here's a chance to make good.

CHARLES. Make good? (*Moves R. and stands below table.*)

ELIZABETH. Make what? (*Comes below table R.*)

PAUL. That's all very well, Livy, but I don't exactly picture myself as a domestic.

OLIVIA. Why not? You'd look a dream—*(All laugh. She slips duster through his arm.)* ELIZABETH joins CHARLES *front of table.*) Bess, Charlie! Oh, Paul!—can't you see, whether we like it or not, it solves our problem, it solves father's problem—it'll be for dad. Can't you understand?—sick among strangers, and you hesitate. *(Weeps.)*

WEEKS. *(At mantel. After a pause)* Livy, you're wonderful, but I don't quite see how—

PAUL. Same here, Sis. I don't see how we can do it.

OLIVIA. Why not?

ELIZABETH. We'd be sure to be found out. *(OLIVIA comes down c.)*

CHARLES. Sure. Neighbors would come in—people we know—

PAUL. They'd give us away.

ELIZABETH. And what would they think? *(ELIZABETH and CHARLES close to table.)*

WEEKS. Yes, Livy. It's a splendid idea, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work.

OLIVIA. Why not? *(Crosses to WEEKS R.)* None of us has ever seen Mr.—what's his name?

WEEKS. Crane—Burton Crane.

OLIVIA. He wouldn't know us from Adam.

PAUL. But the others, our neighbors—people we've grown up with—

OLIVIA. Now wait, dear. This is Thursday, isn't it?

WEEKS. Yes.

OLIVIA. Don't you think you could get a new lot of white servants here from Washington by Monday?

WEEKS. Yes, it's just possible.

OLIVIA. Telegraph, telephone, go yourself, offer them double wages, anything to get them.

WEEKS. I might, yes, I think it could be done.

OLIVIA. Then don't you see, we'd have only three days for our little masquerade. It would be quite safe. Mr. Yankee Man surely won't be giving a party for a day or two and the third day is a Sunday.

WEEKS. And now I think of it, he said he was coming here for a rest.

OLIVIA. (*Coming up c. between ELIZABETH and PAUL.*) There—don't you see, Paul. Charlie—Bess—just three days of it and it's all right.

ELIZABETH. I—I don't believe I could. (*Sits front of table r.*)

OLIVIA. Bess—Boys—not for dad? (*They remain silent for a moment.* OLIVIA comes c. to r. of PAUL.)

PAUL. So, I'm the butler.

OLIVIA. Oh, Paul, you will? You darling! (*She gives him a kiss.*)

PAUL. Now hold on, Sis, I haven't said yes.

OLIVIA. Charlie!

CHARLIE. Oh, all right . . . me for the boots—but how do you do it?

OLIVIA. But you will! And me for the kitchen. And I *can* cook—thank Heaven! It's the only thing I *can* do! (*Pushing WEEKS to c.*) Randy, do go and look out of the window. (*WEEKS crosses to l. lower window.* OLIVIA crosses to l.)

PAUL. Yes, but how does one buttle?

OLIVIA. Oh, it's quite simple. You open the door, answer the bell, wait on the table and wear a dress suit in the day time, so they can tell you're not a gentleman. (*CHARLES sitting all the time.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Sitting front of table r.*) Yes, but I don't know how to be a maid.

OLIVIA. All you have to do, child, is to set the rooms to rights, and make the beds.

ELIZABETH. Yes, but I never made a bed.

OLIVIA. (*Laughing*) Oh, poor Mr. Yankee Man! Before we've done with you we shall have avenged the South! (*All laugh except BESS.*)

(*Horn heard off.*)

ELIZABETH. I—I think it's awful!

OLIVIA. Quick! He's here! Quick! Upstairs, all of you. (*They all rush for their different belongings.* CHARLIE up R. of door c. for golf sticks. ELIZABETH crosses L. for bag, colliding with PAUL as he is crossing for his books, and all making for door up c.) There's a lot of old things up in the garret, Paul—dress suit, you know. Charlie—apron, something of that sort.

(*They exit up staircase, exclaiming.*)

CHARLES. I know—just watch me!

ELIZABETH. I don't know where a thing is.

(*Horn heard off ad lib.*)

WEEKS. Sh!—look out, Livy.

OLIVIA. Is he here?

WEEKS. (*Looking from window*) Yes, just getting out of the motor. (*Both move to window.*) Sh!—look out, Livy.

OLIVIA. (c. *Peeping from the window*) He doesn't look so poisonous—at a distance.

WEEKS. The other man's the chauffeur.

OLIVIA. You'll have to let him in, Randy. (*Opens door up c.*) Tell him anything you like—keep him

26 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

busy a few minutes—I've got to go and make up the cook. (*She starts to go.*)

WEEKS. But I—I won't be mixed up in it.

OLIVIA. But, Randy, dear, you *are* mixed up in it. (*At door.*)

WEEKS. I tell you, I won't have anything to do with it.

OLIVIA. Don't be silly, Randy. You can't give us away and you know it.

WEEKS. What'll I say to him?

OLIVIA. Tell him anything you like. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Yankee Man! Well, anyhow, he *will* have good things to eat.

(OLIVIA goes out R. When OLIVIA runs upstairs, knocker heard off R. WEEKS walks down R. When WEEKS is down R., knocker again. When WEEKS up c. again, knocker again. WEEKS exits c. to L. After a pause WEEKS returns and with him CRANE. The latter is tall, good-looking, dark, young man of 28 or 30. He wears a heavy motor coat and carries a motor cap in his hand.)

CRANE. (*They enter c. from L.*) Awfully good of you, Mr. Weeks, to be here to welcome me in person. (*Takes off the motor coat and drops it on the chair L. of c. door.*) I suppose this is the drawing-room. (*Looking about him.*) Ah, yes, the usual family portrait, I see. (*WEEKS at door c. CRANE picks up the miniature.*) Oh, I say, this is delightful.

WEEKS. Yes, it's a sort of heirloom. (*Closes door c. He crosses to chair L. of table L.C.*)

CRANE. (*Looks about and crosses to chair L. of table R.C.*) Rather nice furniture.

WEEKS. Yes, it's all very old. (*Crosses to chair L. of table L.C.*)

CRANE. I believe you. Quite sure it's safe to sit on?

WEEKS. Oh, certainly.

CRANE. All right. Let's try it. (*They both sit down.*) I understood you to say the place has never been rented before.

WEEKS. Never, sir.

CRANE. (*With a quizzical smile, looking about him*) It seems quite likely.

WEEKS. (*In his professional manner*) I am sure the place will please you—it's delightful colonial flavor—

CRANE. It's historic dilapidation—

WEEKS. Its boxwood garden—its splendid lawns—its stables, accommodating twenty-five horses.

CRANE. (*Smiling*) Yes, I appreciate the place, all right, but I do not consider it in good repair. However, it's only for a short time. Oh, by the way, how about the servants? (*WEEKS rises.*) Now that I think of it, I haven't seen any servants. (*He looks at WEEKS, who obviously balks at entering upon a career of mendacity.*) Mr. Weeks,—(*Rises.*) —you haven't forgotten the stipulation of the lease regarding servants?

WEEKS. (*Quickly*) Oh, no, sir, no, no, indeed.

CRANE. Well, what about 'em—where are they? (*Moves to c.*)

WEEKS. (*Making heavy weather of it*) Why—ah—really, I—er—I don't exactly know—I—

CRANE. Don't know?

WEEKS. That is—I mean to say—I reckon they must be upstairs. You see, they arrived only a few minutes before you came, and I—er—daresay they must be up in their rooms—er—sort of getting used to their new—ah—circumstances.

CRANE. Oh, I see. You're sure they're all right?
(Crosses R.)

WEEKS. Oh, yes, certainly. I've—ah—known them a long time.

CRANE. (At mantel, laughing) I see—personal friends of yours!

WEEKS. Well—ah—yes, in a way.

CRANE. No reason why not . . . my valet's one of my best friends—convalescing from influenza—so I couldn't bring him along. Poor devil—had a hell of a time, too. (Laughs and moves to c.)

WEEKS. (Gets well to the L., his eye on the door. Moves up c.) Oh, yes, I understand. Now, Mr. Crane, I think I'll have to be running along.

CRANE. (Stopping him) Oh, don't go. Stay and share my first dinner here.

WEEKS. Really, I'm afraid I— (Edging toward door.)

CRANE. Come, come, do, now, like a good fellow. I'm expecting three guests—Mrs. Falkner and her daughter and Mr. Tucker, my attorney—but they may not get here till after dinner, and I'd hate to dine alone. Besides, you engaged the cook and if she turns out to be rotten, the least you can do is to share my sufferings. Come, now,—what do you say?

Warn CURTAIN

WEEKS. Well, really, Mr. Crane, I—er—

(Enter at rear OLIVIA, now quite made up in her character of cook. Her object is to retrieve her handbag on chair L.C. without being seen.)

CRANE. Ah, you will, eh?

WEEKS. Thank you, yes.

CRANE. Fine—then that's settled. And now—
(Turns and sees OLIVIA just as she has almost es-

caped with the hand-bag.) Hello—— (She stops.) Who's this? (Up a little.) Who are you?

OLIVIA. (Turning and speaking with a marked brogue) Faith, I'm the cook.

CRANE. (Opening his eyes at her beauty) God bless my soul, are you, indeed?

OLIVIA. Yes, your honor.

CRANE. And what are you doing in here?

OLIVIA. Faith, then, I was just after comin' in to get me luggage.

CRANE. Luggage?

(WEEKS waves to her that initials are showing. She turns bag. CRANE watches business.)

OLIVIA. I was afther leavin' it in here before your honor arrived. (She glances at the bag, sees the initials "O. D." are painfully suspicious, and instantly turns the bag so as to hide them.)

CRANE. Oh, I see. All right.

OLIVIA. Thank yez, sor. (Going.)

CRANE. Oh, cook. (Obviously smitten and wishing to see more of her, moving up stage a little.) Are you a good cook?

OLIVIA. (In doorway) Sure, and I never heard anyone complain about me cookin' yet.

CRANE. What are your specialties?

OLIVIA. Me what, sor? (Pretending not to understand.)

CRANE. Excuse me, I mean what do you do best?

OLIVIA. Faith, then, 'tis all one to me, sor, so long as it's vittles. 'Tis meself can take the sole of your honor's shoe and turn it out so's it'll melt in your honor's mouth.

CRANE. (Laughing) Heavens! I hope you won't do anything like that.

30 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

OLIVIA. Sure, I didn't say I would, sor. I said I could. And full well it is Misther Weeks himself is afther knowin' I could, if 'tis the simple trut' he'd be speakin'.

CRANE. How about it, Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. (*Somewhat sulkily*) I—er—really—well—she—she can cook.

OLIVIA. (*Apparently nettled by this grudging testimonial*) Ha! Cook, is it! Cook, indade! Sure I can cook. If anybody's after saying I can't cook—it's a liar I'd be calling—

CRANE. (*Interrupting*) Well, that's all, I think.

OLIVIA. Thank you, sor. (*Turning*.) And is there any little thing your honor'd be likin' for dinner, this day?

CRANE. Why, yes, you might find a whiskbroom, stew it up so I'll think it is a terrapin a la Baltimore.

OLIVIA. Faith, then, I c'u'd do that aisy if I had only the whiskbroom—but I'm that strange in the house yet I don't know where anything is. Thank you, thank you. (*She makes a little curtsey and goes out.*)

CRANE. Well, I'm darned! Is that the cook? Why, she's a Dresden China shepherdess. . . . She's a figure off a Grecian urn. I say, Weeks, couldn't we dine in the kitchen?

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(Curtain falls to indicate the passage of four hours. It rises again in half a minute.)

(Chandelier lights, demi-tasse service for two persons and spirit lamp alight on table R.C.)

(When the curtain rises, the time is after dinner. MRS. FALKNER and her daughter CORA are sitting, drinking their after-dinner coffee. They are both in evening gowns. MRS. FALKNER is a stout old warrior of fifty odd years with a narrow mind of her own and no objection to speaking it. Her daughter is a handsome girl of twenty-five or twenty-six, a big, strong, healthy creature of the Amazonic type, straightforward and likeable and rather clever.)

MRS. FALKNER. (Seated armchair R.C. as curtain rises. With demi-tasse cup in hand) Now, Cora, there's sense in what I say. You can't deny it.

CORA. (Seated R. of table L.C., reading "Vogue") No, Mother, I'm not denying it.

MRS. FALKNER. Burton Crane's a very fine fellow, isn't he?

CORA. Of course—of course.

MRS. FALKNER. And if I do say it, you're a very pretty girl, aren't you?

CORA. Well, really, Mother— *(Protesting.)*

MRS. FALKNER. Oh, piffle! Triple piffle! Modesty's all very well—but not when practiced to excess! Crane's a fine fellow. You're a fine girl. I see no obstacle whatever to your happiness. Do you?

CORA. Hush, Mother, they'll hear you. *(Glances apprehensively at the door.)*

MRS. FALKNER. Nonsense! This isn't a New York flat. Besides, it's time. You're settled. I must say your marriage will be a great relief to me.

CORA. Oh, Mother!

MRS. FALKNER. It was all well enough when you were a child, but the income your poor father left me was never sufficient for two grown women brought up to subsist exclusively upon necessary luxuries and luxurious necessities. Better have a little talk with your Uncle Solon about the state of our bank account. If you are the sensible girl I take you for, it will accellerate your progress to the altar. *(Drinks coffee.)*

CORA. But, Mother, you speak as if all I had to do was to give Burton a chance to propose. He's had plenty of chances.

MRS. FALKNER. A proposal is never a matter of chance. It's a matter of calculation. He needs more than a chance. He needs a push. Well, that ought to come easy now. Oh, don't look so shocked. He comes of a good stock. He's not difficult to look at—and if he is as rich as mud, why, three rousing cheers for that. So, co-operate, my dear, co-operate, sympathetically—

CORA. *(Sighs)* Very well, Mother. *(Rises, lays magazine on table, goes in front of same.)*

MRS. FALKNER. *(Suspiciously)* Cora—

CORA. Yes, Mother?

MRS. FALKNER. Come here, please.

CORA. Yes, Mother. (*She does so. Crosses below table L.C. to c. and stands.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Don't tell me you are still allowing yourself to think of that—that *person*.

CORA. What person, Mother?

MRS. FALKNER. You know very well whom I mean. Tom Lefferts, of course.

CORA. Why, Mother!

MRS. FALKNER. Once and for all, I wont have it. The man's a trifler, and, what's worse, a pauper; you can't contradict me.

CORA. No, Mother, I'm not contradicting you. (*Turns and comes L.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Calls himself a poet!

CORA. Oh, no, Mother, it's other people who call him that.

MRS. FALKNER. Well, has he ever denied it? When an honest man's called a thief, he denies it, doesn't he?

CORA. Must we go over all that again? (*Front of table.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Not a dollar to his name! However, I merely wish to be understood once and for all that I won't have it.

CORA. Very well, Mother. (*At window.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Look here, Cora, it strikes me that you're suspiciously submissive all at once. You haven't been seeing that man?

CORA. Why, of course not, Mother, how can you? (*Comes to back of table L., joining WEEKS, who enters.*)

(TUCKER and WEEKS come in from the dining room.

WEEKS is dressed as we saw him before, the others are in evening dress. TUCKER is a middle-aged lawyer, cautious, crafty, and self-importantly dignified. They are both smoking.)

TUCKER. (*Coming to L. of Mrs. FALKNER*) My dear, do you mind if we finish our cigars in here?

MRS. FALKNER. Of course not. To tell the truth, I'm dying for a cigarette myself.

CRANE. Of course, of course. (*He gives her a cigarette, then offers case to CORA.*) Cora?

CORA. No, thanks. (*R. of WEEKS.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Oh, take one, Cora. Now-a-days, not smoking makes a woman look so conspicuous.

(TUCKER, *back of table R.*, holds spirit lamp while MRS. FALKNER lights cigarette.

TUCKER. (*Stands R. of Mrs. FALKNER after placing spirit lamp on tray.*) What a fine old room this is!

MRS. FALKNER. Oh, yes—it has its atmosphere.

CORA. (*Who has been wandering about, picks up the miniature*) Oh, look, Mother! How lovely! Look, Uncle Solon. (*Crosses to Mrs. F. Shows it to her.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Ah, yes, to be sure.

TUCKER. All little frills.

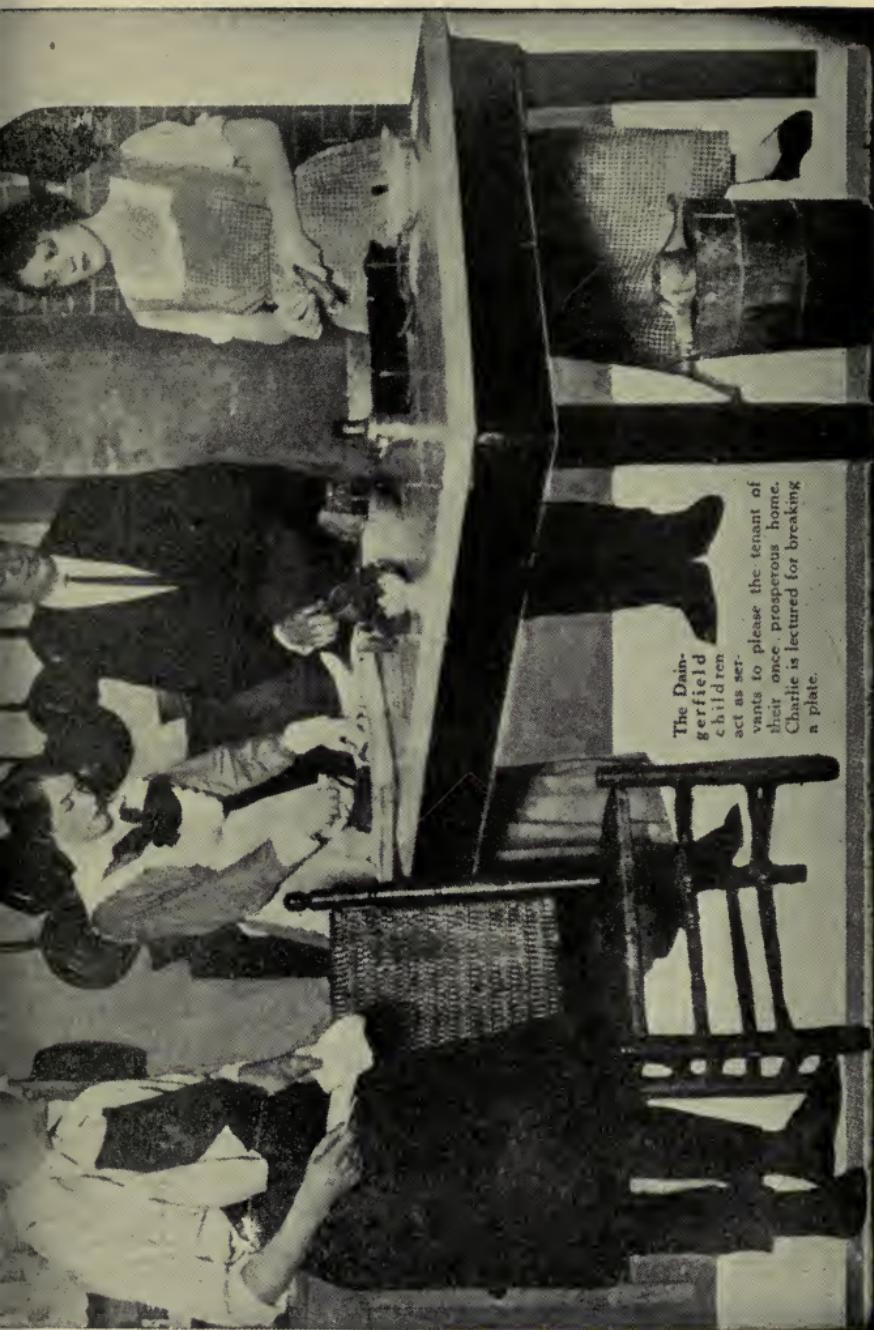
WEEKS. (*Down L.*) It's the grandmother of these people here.

CORA. What delightful clothes!

MRS. FALKNER. Ah—yes—delightful. Glad we don't have to wear them. (*Rises. Goes to R. and stands by mantel.*) Though I did once—at a costume ball. I looked a sight! (*TUCKER crosses up R.*)

WEEKS and TUCKER. Oh, no, no—

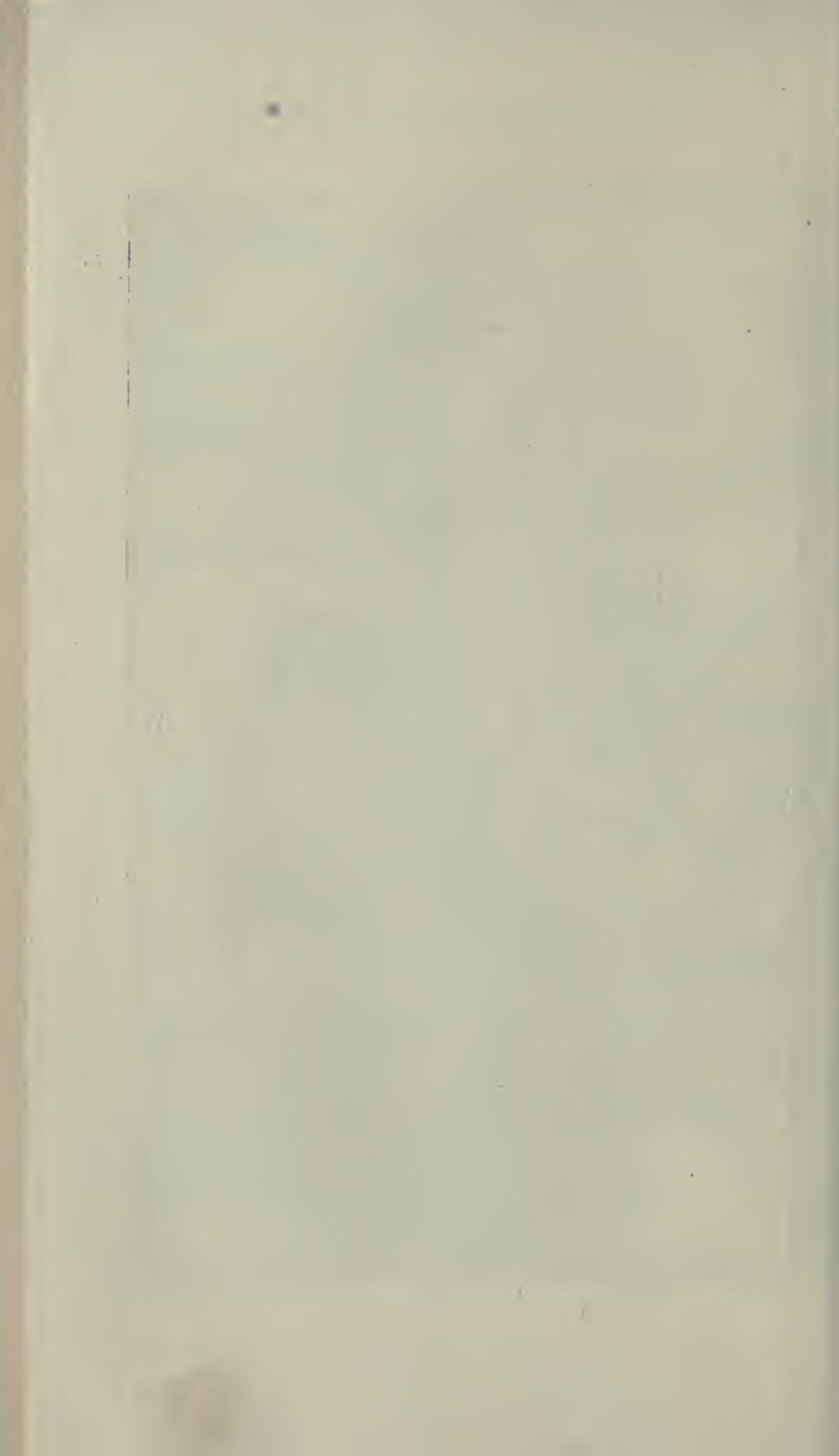
(CORA takes the miniature back to its place on the little table. She sits in chair R. of table L.C. Enter BURTON CRANE, door c.)



The Daingerfield children act as servants to please the tenant of their once prosperous home. Charlie is lectured for breaking a plate.

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

See Page 50



CRANE. Well, Mrs. Falkner, our cook can cook, can't she? (*Crosses to R.C. and lights his cigarette with spirit lamp on table R.C.*)

MRS. FALKNER. She's too good to last. (WEEKS is back of table L.C.)

CORA. (*Seated R. of table L.C.*) It was a delicious dinner, wasn't it, Uncle Solon?

TUCKER. (*At back of chair R.C. Moves to c. of stage*) Well, it's a little early to decide. My experience is that you can tell more about a dinner two hours after you've eaten it.

CRANE. (*Standing back of table R.*) Once a lawyer, always cautious. (*All laugh. MRS. F. goes back of small table.*)

TUCKER. (*At c.*) Not at all. My contention is that to assume that a dinner is a good dinner merely because it has an agreeable taste is leaping to a conclusion which has not as yet a sufficient foundation in known facts.

CORA. You're asking a good deal of a cook, Uncle. (*MRS. F. flicks ashes from cigarette.*)

CRANE. I should say so. (*Crosses to TUCKER at c., who goes up, looking at portrait R. of door.*) Of course, I'm delighted to have you here and I shall do all I can to insure your comfort, but really I shall have to ask you to digest your own dinner. (*All laugh.*) Eh, Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. (*L. of table L.C.*) Seems fair to me.

MRS. FALKNER. (*Sitting in armchair again*) The trouble with my brother, Mr. Weeks, is that he's a lawyer first and a gourmet afterwards. By the way, my dear Burton, you were good enough to say you wished me to assist in supervising your domestic menage. (*TUCKER crosses at back to back of table R.*)

CRANE. (*Comes down to her c.*) Did I?

MRS. FALKNER. Then the sooner we begin the better. Will you kindly ring?

CRANE. Oh, certainly, of course. (*Crosses front of table to bell cord below fireplace and pulls once. No sound heard off stage.*) But why?

MRS. FALKNER. I wish to inspect the staff at once.

CRANE. (*Stands in front of mantel smoking cigarette*) Oh, but do you think that's necessary, just now?

MRS. FALKNER. I think it desirable.

CORA. (*Seated L.C.*) Oh, Mother, couldn't it go over till morning?

TUCKER. (*Moves to c. a step or two.*) The sooner the better, I should say. Let 'em know you're not to be trifled with. (*Turns to CRANE.*) They're probably a pack of shirkers.

WEEKS. (*Indignantly, back of table L.C.*) Mr. Tucker! I assure you—

TUCKER. Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Weeks, you picked 'em out, didn't you? Still, just as well to give 'em to understand you've an eye on them. (*Goes to back of table R.C.*)

(WEEKS sits chair L. of table L.C. Enter SMITHFIELD (*formerly PAUL*). He is in the conventional butler's garb, with the exception of a pair of patent leather boots. His hair is parted in the middle clear to the back of his neck and is brushed forward from his ears. He gives the best imitation of an ultra British butler that he can muster.)

SMITHFIELD. (*Leaving door open*) I think you rang, sir?

CRANE. Oh, Mrs. Falkner—

MRS. FALKNER. Come here, my man. What is your name?

SMITHFIELD. (c.) Smithfield, milady.

MRS. FALKNER. Ah, yes, of course. All I could think of was Jones—

SMITHFIELD. Yes, milady.

MRS. FALKNER. Ask your fellow servants to come to the drawing-room at once.

SMITHFIELD. Very good, milady. (*Turns to go.*)

MRS. FALKNER. And don't call me "milady." I lay no claim whatever to that title.

SMITHFIELD. Yes, milady—er—I beg your pardon—but having served the nobility for a number of years—perhaps madame will understand.

MRS. FALKNER. Yes—yes—of course—run along. Oh, Smithfield! (*He turns.*) Oh, no—I think that's all.

SMITHFIELD. Thank you, milady—damn! (*Turns up c. to door.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Eh, what?—

SMITHFIELD. (*Going to her*) Madame. (*He goes out, making grimace at WEEKS. Goes out majestically closing door after him.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Really, the man has an excellent manner. Where did you say you got these servants, Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. (*Seated l. of table l.c. Not having thought of such an inquiry, is badly stumped by it, but he does the best he can.*) Why—er—from the Billingtons. The Crosslet-Billingtons, of whom, no doubt, you have heard?

MRS. FALKNER. No—never—never in my life. Do you know them, Burton?

CRANE. Never heard of 'em. Do you know them well?

WEEKS. Er—as well as anybody, I think. One of our Southern families—very nice people.

MRS. FALKNER. And how did the Crosslet-Billingtons come to part with these priceless gems?

WEEKS. The—the family is now abroad, but I assure you I had much difficulty to arrange it. Indeed, it was not until almost the last moment—however, I sincerely hope it will all turn out for the best.

(SMITHFIELD returns with ARAMINTA (*formerly ELIZABETH*) and BRINDLEBURY (*formerly CHARLES*). ARAMINTA is costumed as an up-stairs girl and is half-frightened and half-sulky. BRINDLEBURY wears a red neckerchief, a green baize apron and leggings, and his hair is tousled. He looks like a Dickensian horse-boy. SMITHFIELD comes into the room. The other two stay in doorway.)

SMITHFIELD. I beg pardon, Milady—Cook will be here directly.

MRS. FALKNER. You haven't been long in this country?

SMITHFIELD. No, Milady.

MRS. FALKNER. It's quite obvious— Not long enough to be corrupted, I should say. You understand, of course, that you are responsible for the discipline below stairs. (CRANE and WEEKS are at fireplace.)

(CHARLES cannot restrain his mirth. ELIZABETH calls him to order. Seeing MRS. FALKNER glaring, he turns laugh into a cough.)

SMITHFIELD. Oh, yes, Milady. I beg pardon. I never 'ave any trouble of that sort.

MRS. FALKNER. Burton, I think Smithfield will do.

CRANE. Very glad to hear it. (SMITHFIELD steps up stage r. of door.)

MRS. FALKNER. Let the young woman come here.

(ARAMINTA steps forward below MRS. FALKNER. CHARLES gives her a slight push, which she resents.)

MRS. FALKNER. What is your name?

ARAMINTA. (In a tone of deep annoyance) Araminta! (The name jolts WEEKS and SMITHFIELD severely. She gives WEEKS a look. CHARLES laughs guiltily up c.)

MRS. FALKNER. Araminta! What a name!

CRANE. What's the matter with it?

MRS. FALKNER. (CHARLEY starts toward the miniature on table L.C.) Might as well be Gwendolyn. Young woman, some sensible person should have restrained your silly parents. My daughter and myself are to be called at 8—after you have drawn our baths. Breakfast in our rooms a half-hour later. (ARAMINTA, about to go up, stops as MRS. F. continues) And see here, my girl, you keep your hands off my silk stockings—you understand?—I don't know if you're aware of it, Burton, but the average housemaid has a perfect passion for silk stockings—they simply can't resist 'em. (Contemptuously) And now I wish to speak with that boy.

BRINDLEBURY. (Anxiously) Yes, ma'am. (Instead of approaching her, however, he backs close up to WEEKS and the audience sees that he is trying to pass him something behind his back.)

MRS. FALKNER. Let the boy come closer. (PAUL comes down on CHARLES' L.)

BRINDLEBURY. Yes, ma'am, certainly, ma'am. (He now approaches her for inspection.)

MRS. FALKNER. (Pompously) What is your name?

BRINDLEBURY. I, ma'am, am the useful boy, as they say at 'ome.

SMITHFIELD. You'll find him h'cellent with the boots, Milady.

BRINDLEBURY. (*Gaily*) Boots! Ah, boots, ma'am, to me—partickerly a ridin' boot, now—(*Whistles and waves duster.*)

MRS. FALKNER. (*Checking his enthusiasm*) Boy! Answer when you're spoken to. What is your name?

BRINDLEBURY. (*Looks at WEEKS for help, but gets none.*) My name, ma'am, is B-R-I-N-D-L-E-B-U-R-Y. (*Everybody amused.*)

MRS. FALKNER. Brindlebury!

BRINDLEBURY. Pronounced Brindy, ma'am—the old Sussex name, ma'am, with which I 'ave no doubt, you, as a student of history—

MRS. FALKNER. (*With deep disapproval*) Burton, I think you'll have trouble with that boy.

CRANE. (*Looking at the boy and exchanging a smile of involuntary sympathy*) I think I'll find him all right.

MRS. FALKNER. Brindy! It's a preposterous name. I think I shall call you just "boy."

BRINDLEBURY. Thank you, ma'am. (*Starts to go.*)

MRS. FALKNER. And, Boy, as for the boots!—

BRINDLEBURY. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. FALKNER. Take care you don't remove the trees from mine. I'll have no hands inside my boots but my own—or feet, either. That will do.

BRINDLEBURY. Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

MRS. FALKNER. (*She waves them away. BRINDLEBURY and ARAMINTA are sent off c. by SMITHFIELD. They exit laughing.*) And now, Smithfield, send up the cook at once.

SMITHFIELD. (*At door c.*) I beg pardon, ma'am. Here comes the cook.

(OLIVIA comes in. Her kitchen garb has in no way diminished her charms. Quite the contrary, in fact. SMITHFIELD exits after OLIVIA is well on.)

MRS. FALKNER. (*Sitting up, convulsively, and levelling a lorgnette at her*) You are the cook!

OLIVIA. (*In her best brogue*) Faith, then, I am, ma'am.

MRS. FALKNER. (*Staring at her*) Bless my soul! (CORA unconsciously draws nearer, and TUCKER also, clearing his throat somewhat loudly. WEEKS is clearly nervous.) And what is your name? (OLIVIA hesitates.) I say, what is your name? (WEEKS comes to the rescue and they speak together.)

OLIVIA and WEEKS. (*Together*) Jane— (*Almost together*) Ellen.

MRS. FALKNER. There seems to be a difference of opinion.

OLIVIA. (*In a dovelike voice*) Me name is Jane-Ellen, ma'am.

MRS. FALKNER. Well, Jane-Ellen, I suppose you have references.

WEEKS. (*Hastily interposing*) Oh, the very best, I assure you.

MRS. FALKNER. (*Not relishing the interruption*) Mr. Weeks, if you please—

WEEKS. From the Crosslet-Billingtons, Mrs. Falkner, but unfortunately I have left them at my office. To-morrow, if you wish—

OLIVIA. (*Taking a paper from her apron pocket and timidly handing it to Mrs. F.*) Here's me character, ma'am.

(TUCKER takes it from OLIVIA, takes reference from envelope and hands former to MRS. FALKNER, who snatches it.)

MRS. FALKNER. (*Holding out at arm's length and reading it*) "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I recommend the bearer, Jane McSorley, as a reliable girl and a competent cook. I have known her since her birth. She is leaving me for reasons of her own. But she is the best cook I have ever—employed. Olivia Daingerfield." Ahem! It is a flattering testimonial, and who is Olivia Daingerfield? Mrs. Daingerfield, I suppose? (*Hands paper back to TUCKER, who hands it to OLIVIA.*)

WEEKS. Er—no—no. Mr. and Mrs. Daingerfield are in Europe, I believe.

MRS. FALKNER. Your friends travel a good deal, don't they?

WEEKS. Miss Olivia Daingerfield is one of the daughters.

MRS. FALKNER. Oh! (*To OLIVIA*) And may I ask what were these "reasons of your own," my girl?

OLIVIA. Excuse me, ma'am!

MRS. FALKNER. Why did you leave Miss Daingerfield's service?

OLIVIA. Must I be afther tellin' ye that, ma'am?

MRS. FALKNER. I think so.

OLIVIA. Faith, then, I couldn't stand the woman any longer. I was sick and tired of seein' her around the place.

MRS. FALKNER. Indeed! (*To OLIVIA*) My girl, let me see your hands. (*WEEKS goes up R. Reluctantly, OLIVIA approaches and holds out her hands for inspection. MRS. F. stares at them.*) Humph!

Manicured! So you couldn't stand seeing her around any longer, eh?

OLIVIA. Indade, ma'am, I could not, then. Sure, she was wan av them meddlin' females always pokin' her nose into things was none av her business. (MRS. F. winces slightly. CRANE and TUCKER enjoy the dig.)

MRS. FALKNER. Ahem! And you went from her to the Crosslet-Billingtons?

OLIVIA. Who, ma'am?

MRS. FALKNER. That was the name, wasn't it, Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. (Hastily, behind table L. of OLIVIA) Yes, yes, from the Daingerfields to the Crosslet-Billingtons. Didn't you, Jane-Ellen?

OLIVIA. Maybe I did, sor. I could never be gettin' that quare name straight in me head.

MRS. FALKNER. (Bluntly) My girl, have you ever been married?

OLIVIA. God forbid, ma'am.

MRS. FALKNER. (Not heeding her) Or engaged?

OLIVIA. Faith, ma'am, has that same anything to do with me cookin'?

MRS. FALKNER. Jane-Ellen, don't be impertinent.

OLIVIA. No, ma'am. 'Tis a sin we sh'u'd all pray for strength to avoid.

(MRS. FALKNER starts. CRANE and TUCKER smile.)

MRS. FALKNER. Jane-Ellen, will you answer my question? Have you ever been engaged?

WEEKS. If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Falkner, for saying so, I really—

MRS. FALKNER. Kindly do not interfere, Mr. Weeks.

OLIVIA. (Short pause) Oh, ma'am, 'tis not that

I've anything to conceal. I was engaged wanst—Pat Conlon his name was—as fine a broth av a boy as iver came out av Ireland. We was to have married lasht June, on'y, d'ye see, there was a quarrel an' I—I—jusht can't bear to think av it—every time me mind gets runnin' on it, it just seems like—
(Goes a few steps up L. She pulls out a handkerchief and begins to sob quietly. The men all gather round her to comfort her. CORA rises.)

CRANE. Oh, Jane-Ellen, please, please don't cry. Nobody wants to hurt your feelings

TUCKER. Look here, my girl, don't do that.

(OLIVIA murmurs inarticulately through her sobs.)

MRS. FALKNER. Well, really, I've had enough of this. *(Rises.)*

CRANE. *(Rather stiffly, down r.)* My dear Mrs. Falkner, I think—perhaps we all have—for the present.

MRS. FALKNER. *(Angry)* Oh, well, come, Cora. I think I'll say good night. *(She goes out at rear in high dudgeon, TUCKER opening door for her c.)*

CORA. *(Coming down c.r. of OLIVIA)* Oh, Jane-Ellen, you mustn't cry. Mother didn't mean to hurt you. *(Going.)* She shouldn't have said that. *(A fresh burst of quiet sobbing comes from the handkerchief.)* Oh, well, I suppose I'd better go, too. Good night. *(CORA goes out. TUCKER hurries down to OLIVIA.)*

TUCKER. *(L. of OLIVIA, to comfort her)* I'm quite sure my sister did not mean to be unkind. There, now—there—there. *(Pats her shoulder.)*

(MRS. FALKNER re-appears at door c., saying imperatively)

MRS. FALKNER. Solon!

TUCKER. Yes, my dear.

(MRS. FALKNER exits c. to r. Reluctantly TUCKER goes out, leaving CRANE alone with JANE-ELLEN. CRANE goes to right, then turns suddenly to c. and intercepts WEEKS as the latter is about to speak to JANE-ELLEN, unseen by CRANE. CRANE shakes hands with WEEKS, who exits door c. After a pause, outside door l. slams.)

CRANE. Now, see here, Jane Ellen, please don't cry—please—just—just as a favor to me. Mrs. Falkner has gone.

Warn CURTAIN

JANE. Gone, has she? (Suddenly showing a face quite innocent of tears, rather roguish, in fact.) Faith, I'm feelin' better already.

CRANE. Jane! What in the name—

JANE. Sure, then, I suppose herself 'u'd 'a' been askin' me was me hair all me own next—or was me gran'father a dhrinkin' man—an' what was me favorite flower.

CRANE. Well, God bless my soul!

JANE. Faith, an' hope he will, sor. Was there anything else, sor?

CRANE. No—o.

(JANE goes up c.)

CRANE. (Hastily) I mean yes—yes!

JANE. Yes, sor. (She returns to c.)

CRANE. Now, Jane Ellen, just one thing. I should like you to feel perfectly happy here.

JANE. Faith, sor, 'tis mesilf that's hopin' to.

CRANE. So if there's anything I can do to—to

make you feel—er—happier, I want you to promise you'll let me know.

JANE. *Anything, sor?*

CRANE. Yes, anything at all—anything.

JANE. Yes, sor. (*Starts up c., opens door, then returns as CRANE continues.*)

CRANE. I mean—don't send the butler, come to me—you—yourself—er—personally—and tell me. Will you?

JANE. Sure an' I might.

CRANE. No, but will you?

JANE. Yes, sor.

CRANE. That's fine. Now—now . . . I'm sure we shall get on splendidly together, you and I. Shan't we?

JANE. Faith' that's as may be, sor, but—we might.

CRANE. Might? What do you mean by that?

JANE. Sure an' ye niver can tell.

CRANE. Eh?

JANE. Sure, sor, we must always be hopin' for the best. But we might, sor, aye, we might. Thank ye, sor. (*Going up to door, she exits.*)

CRANE. (*Running up to door, calling*) Oh, cook, cook!

JANE. (*Appearing at door R. side*) Yis, sor?

CRANE. (*Standing in door L. side*) About breakfast—I—I shall want some breakfast.

JANE. Yis, sor. Not till the mornin', I suppose, sor?

CRANE. No, no—yes—certainly, not till in the morning.

JANE. Some fruit, coffee, toast an' eggs, sor?

CRANE. Yes, of course, eggs—eggs.

JANE. About three minutes, sor?

CRANE. Yes—three minutes.

JANE. An' belike a bit av bacon, sor?

CRANE. The very thing.

JANE. Just broiled to a crisp, sor?

CRANE. Just as I like it.

JANE. Very good, sor, an' ye said the eggs *ten* minutes, sor?

CRANE. Yes—ten minutes. (*She closes door suddenly and is out of sight. Bus. of pulling door back to place finds JANE on the other side of the knob.*) No—no—three minutes.

JANE. Very good, sor, but ye can just as aisy have them ten minutes as three. 'Tis the water does the b'ilin'—not me, sor. Good-night to you, sor. (*Exits door c. to R., leaving door open this time.*)

CRANE. (*In the doorway c., looking after her*) Good-night, Jane-Ellen.

JANE. (*Outside R.*) Good-night and the top of the morning to ye.

CRANE. Well, God bless my soul! (*Turns, facing audience, with a pleased laugh.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: The kitchen.

TIME: Two days later in the afternoon.

The kitchen is a cheery apartment with one window R.C. looking into the garden. There is a door c. into the garden, which remains open throughout the act. On the r. are swing doors. Then there is a kitchen cupboard, then below that down r. a sink. A jingle bell indicator with numbers one to six hangs over the swing doors. When the door of the kitchen cupboard is open one sees brooms, mops, etc., and the shelves full of tinned things. At the sink is a hand pump and drainage to carry away water. Up stage L. is a door which opens on a passage which in turn leads to the larder. Below it is a kitchen range, upon which stand several saucepans and kettles, steam going in some of them. Down L. is the kitchen back door and upon it hangs a roller towel. Between the c. door and the L. corner of the kitchen is a dresser covered with copper utensils, baking pans, etc. Down L.C. is a big kitchen table. Small cane-bottomed chair between the dresser and the pot rack. Big cane-bottomed chair R. of table. Between the door and the window a small cane-bottomed chair and a boot box containing brushes, rags, etc. There is a shelf over the fireplace for salt, etc. The curtain rises on a few strains of "Liza Jane."

DISCOVERED: BRINDLEBURY *washing dishes at sink.* He throws out water from dishpan, pumps it full again from the hand pump, and starts washing more dishes. PAUL at rise is drying dish with dish towel, which he places on the draining board of the sink. He then takes tray—which is leaning against upper end of sink—and holds it while BRINDLEBURY places the washed and dried dishes on it. JANE-ELLEN is standing L. of table, slicing sweet potatoes into baking pan. When tray is full, PAUL starts to go, but is stopped by BRINDLEBURY.

BRINDLEBURY. Hold on, butler. You can take one more.

SMITHFIELD. Look here, I'm no juggler. Always room for one more is your motto. First thing you know, you'll make me spill the lot.

CHARLES. Oh, run along now, and don't talk back.

SMITHFIELD. Well, if we smash many more there won't be enough to go round. (CHARLES drops a dish in the sink.) Lord! Save the pieces! (He goes out R.3E.)

JANE. (L. of kitchen table L.C., slicing sweet potatoes into baking pan.) Charley! Mother's best china! You must be careful!

BRINDLEBURY. Gee! I couldn't help it. The darn thing slipped. (They resume their work. Pause.) Heard anything from Randy?

JANE. (Goes to stove L., looking at soup in the pot) No, and we ought to. It's been two days already.

BRIND. I reckon he don't dare to telephone.

JANE. (Back at table) I rather thought he might try to sneak in and see us. (Puts butter on potatoes.)

BRIND. He'd better hurry up. I'm beginning to feel as though I needed an understudy.

JANE. (L.C. between table and stove) You! Oh, I'm not worried about you. It's Bess that bothers me.

BRIND. Oh, Bess! She's all right. She—
(*He drops another dish, crashing into the sink.*)

JANE. Charley! Well, really—

BRIND. Gee! I'm sorry!

JANE. I don't want you to be sorry. I want you to be careful. It's a good thing you don't have to earn your living washing dishes.

BRIND. Is that so! What am I doing now, I'd like to know? (*Breaks another plate in sink.*)

JANE. You're breaking up housekeeping.

(Enter ARAMINTA, door R.3E., carrying two or three lace collars.)

JANE. Hello, Sweetness. What's the matter now, honey? (ARAMINTA gets an ironing board from L. cupboard and slams it down on the table, then goes to the stove for a flatiron. She gets a holder from upper end of mantel L., picks up the iron, and goes to the ironing board and begins to iron the collars.) And how's the dragon to-day?

ARAMINTA. (Ironing) I'd like to wring her neck. (Slams down iron on collar.)

BRIND. Oh, naughty! naughty!

ARAMINTA. You shut up! (CHARLES, startled, drops plate in sink.) I guess you'd be cross too if you had to wait on that old hen all day and all night. Nothing ever suits her. This is the third time I've ironed these collars. I hope they choke her!

(JANE-ELLEN pours syrup in potatoes. SMITHFIELD re-enters with an empty tray and pro-

needs to fill it up with more freshly washed dishes.)

JANE. But, Bess, dear!

ARAMINTA. (*Imitating Mrs. F.*) "My good girl" this and "my good girl" that! If she's what they call a lady up North, I'd like to see what they call the other thing! (*To JANE, who goes to the stove L., business with pots, kettles, etc.*) Oh, I'm in it because you dragged me in, but I give you fair warning, if Randy Weeks doesn't produce those servants pretty quick, I'm through. I can stand just about twenty-four hours more of that old hen, and that's all.

SMITH. (*Coming up a little R.C.*) See here. Bess, you don't seem to understand—

ARAMINTA. Oh, dry up! All you have to do is to serve her meals. How'd you like to hook her up? (*CHARLEY laughs. JANE-ELLEN fills a cup with hot water from kettle and pours it on potatoes.*)

JANE. (*To upper end of table, to ARAMINTA*) I know, honey, I know it's very hard, but it wont last long. And I daresay you are rather trying. You always forget the tea strainer from her breakfast tray, or you don't remember to call her at eight—or something. You're not very competent. (*Goes to door L. and wipes her hand on towel.*)

ARAMINTA. Competent! Of course I'm not. Why on earth *should* I be competent?

JANE. No, dear, of course not. Only, you see, she doesn't know that. And I do think you might remember the tea-strainer.

ARAMINTA. Well, it's more trouble to me than to her. Don't I have to chase downstairs and get it? Competent! (*She slams the flatiron viciously on the table.*) I wish I had her here, I'd iron *her*!

JANE. Bess, dear, I don't see how you can—

when you know what's at stake. Why, at this very moment dear old daddy may be— (She chokes up and stops and puts the towel hanging on door L.I.E. to her eyes.)

SMITH. I say, sis, that's a towel, not a hand-kerchief.

ARAMINTA. (Going to her in contrition) Oh, I know, Livy. I'm a pig—but if I'm a pig, she's a cat! (JANE puts pan of potatoes in oven.)

BRIND. She's a dragon, a hen, and a cat. Some menagerie! (A bell rings.)

SMITH. (Looking at the indicator on the wall) Number 4, Bess.

ARAMINTA. (Puts down iron, starts across to door R.3E.) There she goes again! I don't see how that bell stands it. (Seizing the collars, now ironed, and starting for the door.) If she doesn't look out, I will steal her silk stockings. (She goes out R.3E. angrily. JANE resumes work at table.)

SMITH. (About to depart with the dishes) She sure is a pretty nasty old party and no mistake.

BRIND. She's no worse than old Tucker. I'd like to poison him.

JANE. (Ironically) Things run in the family, don't they? Now we're all so good-natured, aren't we? (The bell rings again. To SMITH.) That's your bell, Paul. (Takes tray from SMITHFIELD.)

SMITH. (Looking at the indicator) Number 2. (Assuming his servant's manner) Very good, sir. You said "Go to hell," sir? Thank you, sir! After you, sir. (He goes out, R.3.)

JANE. (CHARLEY breaks plate in sink.) Oh, Charley! Take this tray into the butler's pantry, and for heaven's sake, don't drop it! (As BRINDBURY goes out he stumbles. After exit rattling of plates heard off.) And please do try not to break any more. (Left alone, she puts the ironing board

back up L.C. and puts iron back on stove. RANDY WEEKS furtively opens the kitchen door down L. and walks in. JANE crosses to L., above table to stove.) Randy!

WEEKS. (Comes to c.) Hello, Livy!

JANE. Any news? Have you got them? Are they coming? Oh, do say they are! (She clutches his arm excitedly.)

WEEKS. Yes, I think so!

JANE. Oh, Randy, you are a darling! (She goes out door up L. for a moment.)

WEEKS. But not 'till Tuesday. (Crosses to R. of table.)

JANE. Tuesday? That's three days more. (Returns with chicken and puts it on kitchen table.)

WEEKS. Couldn't get 'em a minute sooner, and I think you're lucky at that. White servants willing to come to the country are scarce this season. How are things going?

JANE. I reckon we'll pull through if Bess doesn't explode. She doesn't care very much for the chaperon. (Takes baking tin from lower shelf of pot rack and puts it on kitchen table.)

WEEKS. (Laughs.) Don't blame her. Snob! I say, Livy, are you glad to see me?

JANE. Never gladder to see anybody. (Putting chicken in baking pan.)

WEEKS. Prove it.

JANE. All right. As a mark of my special favor, I will allow you to freeze the ice cream. (Points to freezer on the floor, table end at L.)

WEEKS. (Sarcastically) Livy, that's perfectly splendid of you. (Taking freezer.)

JANE. Now, don't grumble. Go to work! (Takes pepper and salt cellars from lower end of mantelpiece and places them on table.)

WEEKS. I don't know that I'm so crazy about

freezing Crane's ice cream. (*Sits in chair R. of table. Takes out his handkerchief to hold freezer handle.*)

JANE. And Mr. Tucker's, too. Don't forget him.

WEEKS. (*Beginning to turn the crank of the freezer*) Tucker! Humph!

JANE. (*Relapsing into her brogue and beginning deliberately to tease him*) Faith, then, he's my favorite. He's what you might call a verile, dominating personality. (*Salts and peppers chicken. Butters chicken.*)

WEEKS. Humph! (*He turns the crank angrily.*)

JANE. No, no, no, no! (*WEEKS stops turning.*) Don't ye be turnin' so fast, ye'll be spoiling the dessert entirely, so ye will.

WEEKS. Look here. Do you mean to say this man Tucker comes into the kitchen?

JANE. Not yet. (*Gets flour in cup from flour barrel up L.C.*)

WEEKS. Not yet! (*Jumps up.*)

JANE. A strong man, me dear. Sure, he looks like the husband on the stage wid a dash o' powder over the ear. (*Flours the chicken.*)

WEEKS. (*Leaving the freezer and going to JANE above table*) My dear girl, you're not going to let this man make love to you?

JANE. Sure it's not always aisy to prevent. (*Gets cup of hot water from kettle.*)

WEEKS. (*Above L. table*) You've always prevented me as often as you wanted to.

JANE. Often—but not as often as that.

WEEKS. Oh, come now, drop the Irish. (*He makes a movement toward her.*)

JANE. Sure, I need the practice. Now, then, you get along back to the ice cream. (*Pours water in chicken pan.*) Sure, if all's not well with the din-

ner, that awful ould woman'll be havin' us all t'rown out, so she will now.

WEEKS. (*Turns freezer slowly*) They say Crane is supposed to be engaged to her daughter.

JANE. (*After slight pause she puts chicken in oven.*) Faith, then, I don't envy him his mother-in-law. (*Slams the oven door.*)

WEEKS. Er—what do you think of Crane? (*A pause and stops freezing.*) I say—what do you think of Crane? (*Leans both elbows on table corner.*)

JANE. Oh, the man's well enough. (*Puts dishes she has been using in sink.*)

WEEKS. You know, you're a funny girl. Now, I always thought— (*Rises.*)

JANE. (*Waving him to the freezer*) Freeze—freeze! (*WEEKS sits again.*)

WEEKS. Eh! (*With a sigh*) Oh, Lord! You know perfectly well you can do anything in the world with me. (*He turns the freezer jerkily. JANE crosses to closet R.2E. and gets Royal Baking Powder can and cooking spoon. She returns to table L.C.*)

JANE. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Not that way. It ought to be a steady and even—here—let me show you— (*She kneels R. of him by the freezer and begins to turn the crank.*) See—like this—slow—like— (*As she turns, WEEKS looks admiringly at her.*) Then—like that. Do you see what I— (*WEEKS puts his handkerchief on his knee. As she turns, he kisses her. With a swift, savage movement she breaks from his arms and—stands panting and glaring at him. WEEKS drops initialed handkerchief near table L.C.*)

JANE. (*With cooking spoon in hand—after a pause.*) Randy Weeks, you go home, and don't ever come back! (*Crosses to R.*)

WEEKS. (*L.C.*) Oh, my dear—

56 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

JANE. (R.C.) Go home! (*She stamps her foot.*)

WEEKS. Do you mean it? (WEEKS half turns to go.)

JANE. I do—oh, I do!

(TUCKER is strolling past door c., hears voices, stops and listens. He cannot see WEEKS.)

WEEKS. The fact is, you're a cold, heartless little flirt, who thinks of nothing but herself. You don't care a bit what other people suffer. Bess is worth ten of you.

JANE. Go and kiss her, then.

WEEKS. She wouldn't stand it. She's not that sort.

JANE. (*A few steps toward him, furious*) But I am! I stand it, do I? If I could, I'd thrash you. As it is, I hate you!

WEEKS. (*At bottom of table, sulkily*) It's your own fault. You tempted me.

JANE. Tempted you!

WEEKS. Yes, and you know it.

JANE. How did I know you were going to be so silly?

WEEKS. You've always pretended to like me.

JANE. That's just what I did—pretend.

WEEKS. You'll be sorry for saying that (*Crosses to L.*)

JANE. I won't!

WEEKS. Yes, you will. I pity the man who marries you!

JANE. You'd marry me to-morrow if you could.

WEEKS. I would not!

JANE. You would!

WEEKS. Not if you were the last woman in the world!

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN .. 57

JANE. Randy Weeks, you go home! (WEEKS exits L.I.E. and slams door.)

(JANE laughs and picks up handkerchief that WEEKS has dropped, looks at it and tosses it into chair L.C. Puts freezer under table, crosses in front of table. TUCKER, hearing the door slam on WEEKS' exit, thinks of entering kitchen. He looks cautiously to R. and L. Just as he has made up his mind to enter, OLIVIA drops WEEKS' handkerchief into chair, and CHARLIE enters R.3 with pair of boots. TUCKER steps back.)

CHARLIE. I forgot the old geezer's boots.

(TUCKER glares at him and exits to R., giving him another look of disapproval as he passes window. While CHARLIE polishes boots with brush and rag which he takes from boot box under window, he whistles "Liza Jane." JANE-ELLEN goes out of door up L., returning and bringing a bowl of cornmeal and a bowl of eggs and, lastly, a jug of milk. These she places on kitchen table.)

JANE. Is that all?

(At this moment No. 3 bell rings. CHARLIE slams down lid of boot box and exits, polishing one boot on seat of his trousers. JANE-ELLEN takes syrup jar from table and crosses R. to cupboard and puts it on shelf. Then to range. As she crosses, TUCKER, seeing she is alone, comes into kitchen. JANE-ELLEN has been singing "Liza Jane," but seeing TUCKER out of the corner of her eye, changes to "The Pretty Girl

Milking the Cow." At the end of the verse she turns and smiles at TUCKER.)

TUCKER. Good afternoon, Jane-Ellen.

JANE. The top av it to you, sor. (*Turns from stove, small saucepan in hand, to L. of table.*)

TUCKER. (*Down a step*) I hope I don't intrude.

JANE. Oh, sir, I see 'tis an optimist ye are. (*Takes a wooden spoon from table and stirs saucepan.*)

TUCKER. (*At c., with a superior smile*) Ahem! What can you possibly know of optimists, my girl?

JANE. Sure, an optimist is a man that looks after your eyes. (*Brings saucepan to table, still stirring.*)

TUCKER. (*Going to table, putting his L. hand on it, leaning toward her*) Jane-Ellen, I fear you have a frivolous mind.

JANE. Oh, sor, indade an' indade, I hope not. (*As she speaks, she stops stirring sauce pan and straightens up with the spoon in her hand. Puts spoon on TUCKER'S hand.*)

TUCKER. (*Starting with the pain*) Ouch! (*Moves to L.C., round chair to upper corner table.*)

JANE. Oh, sor, an' did I burn you? 'Tis that sorry I am, sor! (*Puts saucepan back on stove, stirring sauce.*)

TUCKER. It's nothing! It's nothing! I was going to say that—despite a certain lamentable tendency towards frivolity which I observe in your nature—I—well, I am an older man than your employer. (*Moving up to back of table.*)

JANE. (*Cheerfully*) Oh, yes, sor, much oulder.

TUCKER. Ahem! Well, older, at all events. I have seen more of life and perhaps understand more thoroughly the difficulties which beset a young and, I must say, pretty woman.

JANE. (*At stove, innocently*) Why must you say that, sor?

TUCKER. Why, Jane-Ellen, because it is the truth. (*Moves above table.*) Ah, my dear child—
(*He approaches her. She seizes a steaming copper kettle from stove and hands it to him.*)

JANE. Will ye kindly be holding that? The stove is that crowded. (*As he hesitates.*)

(TUCKER takes kettle. *Finding it hot, changes it from one hand to the other.* Going c., JANE busies herself at stove. TUCKER looks anxiously out of door to see if anybody is likely to catch him in that predicament.)

JANE. Yes, sor, ye were about to say—

TUCKER. (*Going to back of table*) Oh, yes! Merely that if any little trouble should arise in the household, I would like to know that you look upon me as a friend. I should be glad to do you a good turn.

JANE. Indade, then, you can do me that same good turn right now.

TUCKER. (*Beaming at her*) My dear child, you have only to name it.

JANE. Ye can be afther turnin' yer back on me.

TUCKER. You—you wish me to go?

JANE. Sure; the kitchen is no place for the likes of a gentleman.

TUCKER. (*Chuckles a moment, and then says*) Did you think so ten minutes ago? (*He looks at door through which WEEKS made exit. She gives him a quick look before she answers.*)

JANE. (*Going towards the stove*) Sure that sauce is b'iling over. The devil and all is in that stove. The minute I turn me back something b'iles over. Will ye be holdin' this, sor? (*She thrusts*

copper saucepan into his L. hand and begins to stir it.)

TUCKER. I'll try.

JANE. (Tastes the contents of the saucepan) Sure I'm thinkin' 'twill be needin' a trifle more salt. (She sprinkles salt into pan and, unseen by TUCKER, sprinkles salt over his L. shoulder and L. arm.)

TUCKER. Really, I— (TUCKER realizes his undignified position and looks R. and L.)

JANE. Oh, sure, your honor's got a bit of a dab av soot on yer face. Hould still while I git a rag and wipe it off. There. (Gets burnt cork with a cloth from the stove—she gives his R. cheek a dab with the holder and now he has indeed a black smear on his cheek.)

TUCKER. (Both hands full, cannot help himself) Thank you, thank you very much, Jane-Ellen.

JANE. God bless us an' save us, sure there's another little bit on your honor's chin. (She gives his other cheek a smear of black.) There, now . . .

TUCKER. Look here, young woman, really, I thank you very much.

JANE. Don't mention it, sir. Faith, someone'd sure to be askin' where your honor'd been with that face on you.

TUCKER. Yes, yes, yes—exactly. That's why—if you don't mind taking these— (TUCKER, still holding bowls, reminded that some one might come in and catch him.)

JANE. Sorry, sor, I will—but just half a minute, sor—

(Enter BRINDLEBURY at R.3E.)

BRINDLEBURY. I say, Livy— (He advances R., stops short as TUCKER turns, then bursts into a giggle at the sight.)

TUCKER. (*Crossing majestically to him*) May I ask what is the cause of this unseemly mirth?

BRINDLEBURY. (*Leaning against sink, convulsed with laughter*) Yes, sir, certainly you may ask. Mr. Crane is just coming up the drive in the motor.

TUCKER. (*Stiffly, frightened at the idea of CRANE catching him*) I do not see the connection. (*Goes to table L.*) But perhaps I had better go and meet him. (*Puts kettle and pot on table L. and goes up c.*)

BRINDLEBURY. (*Near stool R., now no longer amused, but getting angry. Looking at his sister*) Yes; I think I would if I were you. It seems to me there are altogether too many men in this kitchen.

TUCKER. (*Starts to leave the room c., then stops near door c., with as much dignity as he can muster*) Boy——

BRINDLEBURY. Well! (*Threateningly.*)

TUCKER. Are you speaking to me? (*Mildly*)

(JANE moves to R. of table. Has small saucepan in hand.)

BRINDLEBURY. Yes. (*Goes up to TUCKER, his fists clenched. Very pointedly*) I just wanted to tell you that Jane-Ellen is my sister.

TUCKER. Indeed! Well, Brindy, I can't confess to taking any deep interest in your family relations. (*Down c. a step.*)

BRINDLEBURY. Apparently you've taken enough interest in one of 'em to come to the kitchen to talk to her, and I won't have it.

JANE. (*Motions reproof unseen by TUCKER*) Brindy, don't——

TUCKER. (*Comes down*) How dare you talk to me in this——

BRINDLEBURY. (*Raising his fist and stepping forward as if to strike TUCKER*) You get out of this kitchen, or I'll—

JANE. Brindy, what are you doin'? (*Crosses and pushes BRINDLEBURY down R.*)

BRINDLEBURY. I know what I'm doing, all right. (*Sulkily going down R.*)

JANE. (*On R. of TUCKER*) Faith, sor, 'tis very ashamed I am an' all—but your honor will plaze to remimber he's nothing but a lad.

TUCKER. (L.) He is quite old enough to know better.

BRINDLEBURY. (*Turning on him*) How about you? You old chimpanzee!

JANE. Sure, sor, I hope ye can see yer way to forgivin' him—an' him on'y a poor, hard-workin' lad like he is, an'—an' so sorry an' all—

TUCKER. (*Up c.*) He doesn't look very sorry.

BRINDLEBURY. No, and I'm not sorry, either.

TUCKER. There, you see. (*Walking up to door.*) I shall certainly report him to his employer.

JANE. Now see what you've done.

TUCKER. Precisely.

BRINDLEBURY. I don't care. I'm glad of it.

JANE. Glad of it.

BRINDLEBURY. I don't care. D'you reckon I'm going to have that old chimpanzee coming in here making love to you?

TUCKER. (*Indignantly*) Old chimpanzee!

JANE. Oh, I suppose, if Mr. Crane was to come in now, ye'd be throwin' the flatirons at him. I reckon I can be takin' care av meself. Faith, don't ye suppose I've iver been made love to before?

BRINDLEBURY. We—ell, yes, I reckon you have!

CRANE. (*Off*) Hullo, Tuck?

(JANE-ELLEN runs off through door up L. CRANE and CORA appear on the veranda. They are about to pass by when CRANE glances in and sees TUCKER. CRANE and CORA enter the kitchen. As they do so BRINDLEBURY says "Oh, gee!" and dashes out at R.3E.)

CRANE. Well, Tuck, we've been searching the house for you. (TUCKER moves to lower end of table, facing audience. CRANE puts his hat on chair R. of door c. They come down c.)

TUCKER. (Embarrassed) Have you?—and I've been looking for you everywhere.

CRANE. (Accusingly) Even in the kitchen.

(CRANE and CORA see his smut-covered face and begin to laugh.)

TUCKER. (Indignantly) I beg your pardon?

CRANE. Good Lord! Tuck, what have you got on your face?

CORA. (Crosses to TUCKER) Oh, Uncle Solon! Have you been in the coal-bin?

TUCKER. (Very angry) What is it? What is it? What is it?

CRANE. Have you been kissing the stove?

TUCKER. Really, Burton— (Starts to go to CRANE, but is stopped by CORA.)

CORA. Why, Uncle, you're all smeared up. Here, do let me wipe your face. (She wipes away the soot with handkerchief which she has taken from his coat pocket, making it worse.) There—there—that's better! (TUCKER, thinking it better, resumes his dignity.)

CRANE. Really, Tuck! Where have you been?

TUCKER. I—er—really, I can't imagine. (To CORA) I am obliged to you, my dear. (Goes L.

Suddenly remembering BRINDBURY's insult) I have something to say to Burton that I think you'd better not hear.

CORA. Oh, how interesting! I'll go, anyway. I promised mother I'd go for a walk. (*She goes up to doorway*)

CRANE. May I go, too? (*Moves up c. near door.*)

CORA. Of course.

CRANE. Good, I won't be long.

CORA. All right, Burton. (*She goes out on the veranda and disappears r.*)

CRANE. Well, Tuck? (*Coming down c to TUCKER.*)

TUCKER. I must ask you to dismiss that boy at once.

CRANE. Who, Brindy?

TUCKER. Yes.

CRANE. Good Lord! What for?

TUCKER. He has been grossly insolent to me.

CRANE. Really!

TUCKER. In addition to which, he attempted to strike me.

CRANE. Tuck! You don't mean it?

TUCKER. Unfortunately, I do!

CRANE. My dear Tuck! (*He is torn between his displeasure with the boy and his exasperation at TUCKER.*) Well, of course, the boy'll have to go. How did it happen?

TUCKER. (*Moving a bit down L., then up to CRANE*) Well—you see, I—I was in the kitchen—Do you know, the boy somehow acquired the extraordinary idea that I had been making love to the cook.

CRANE. Absurd!

TUCKER. Naturally!

CRANE. A man of your age!

TUCKER. (*Not altogether pleased*) I beg your pardon. And you may be interested to know that he distinctly stated that the cook was his sister.

CRANE. Nonsense, she *can't* be. She's Irish! (*Moves a little down stage R.*)

TUCKER. (*Turning and going up stage, looking through door L.*) E—yes—maybe she is—maybe. (*Moves down to end of table.*)

CRANE. Look here, Tuck, what the devil were you doing in the kitchen?

TUCKER. (*Coming L. to CRANE, embarrassed*) Well, I—happened to be passing the kitchen door, when I heard the voices of Jane-Ellen and some young man who, I am sorry to say, was making love to her.

CRANE. Anybody you know?

TUCKER. Well, I was unable to identify him, but I fancy that he—er—must have kissed her.

CRANE. The lucky dog! (*Turning down R.*)

TUCKER. (*Severely*) I do not think that this is quite the proper attitude for you to take.

CRANE. What do you suggest? (*Turning to TUCKER.*)

TUCKER. The girl should be dismissed, of course.

CRANE. Oh, you think so?

TUCKER. Certainly I do. (*Turns down L.*)

CRANE. I see.

SMITHFIELD. (*Enters R.3E.*) Beg pardon, sir. (*SMITHFIELD comes down R. to sink.*)

CRANE. Smithfield, Mr. Tucker tells me that Brindy attempted to strike him, after using insulting language. By the way, Tuck, what did he call you precisely?

TUCKER. Ahem! I—ah—I believe he referred to me as an old chimpanzee! (*SMITHFIELD laughs and busies himself at sink.*)

CRANE. (*Choking down a laugh*), You see, Smithfield—

SMITHFIELD. Yes, sir, I can't seem to break that boy of the habit of exaggeration. (TUCKER *glares at SMITHFIELD and walks furiously up stage to R. of door c.*)

CRANE. You'll dismiss the boy at once. (SMITHFIELD *protests.*) See that he packs up and is off the premises in an hour. And now I want to speak to the cook. (*Goes up stage to dresser. He looks towards door leading to the ice-box L.3E.*)

SMITHFIELD. Here, sir?

CRANE. Certainly.

SMITHFIELD. (*Follows up R.C. a little*) Beg pardon, sir, but cook is lying down.

CRANE. (*Having seen JANE through door*) Eh, who did you say was lying?

SMITHFIELD. (*Blandly*) Cook, sir. Lying down to rest, sir.

CRANE. Ah, in the ice-box, I suppose.

(Enter JANE-ELLEN from L.3E. *Goes to range and examines saucepans.*)

SMITHFIELD. Beg pardon, sir. My mistake, sir.

CRANE. That will do, Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. (*He retires, but is seen behind swinging doors R.3.E., listening.*)

TUCKER. (*Comes down stage*) Shall I stay and assist you, Burton?

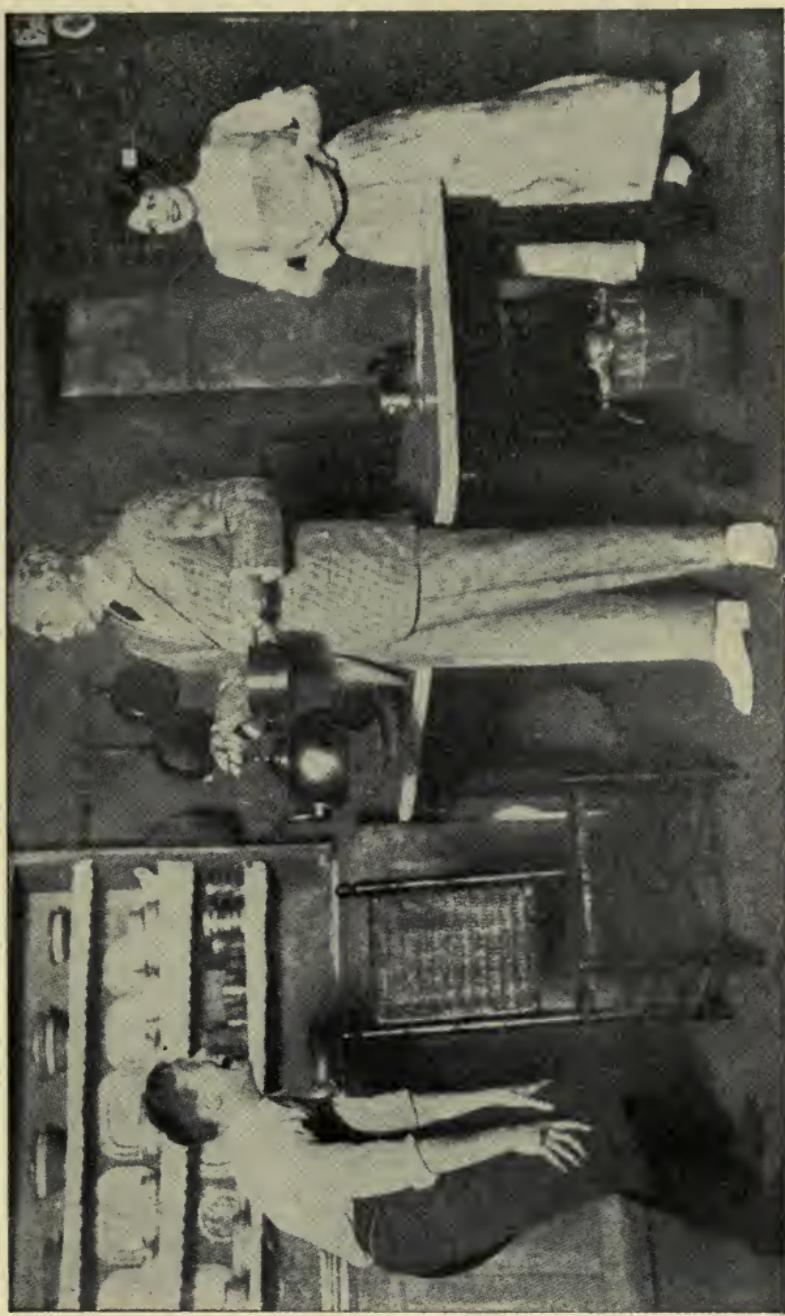
CRANE. No, thanks, Tuck, please go.

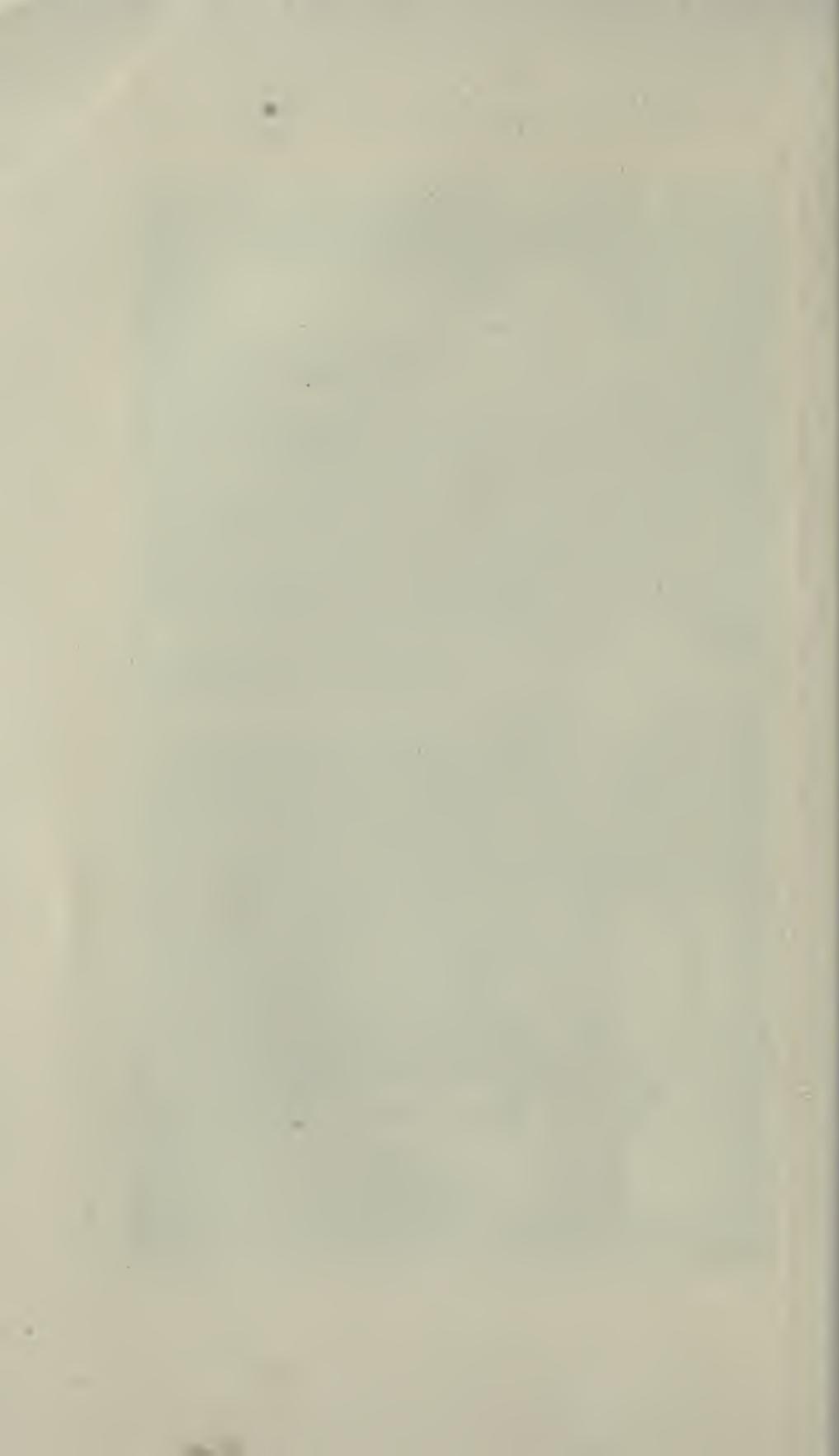
TUCKER. Oh, very well, very well. (*He starts to go.*)

CRANE. (*Sees a man's handkerchief in the chair L.C., looks at it.*) This your handkerchief, Tuck?

See Page 61

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"





TUCKER. (*Examines it and gives it back.*) No, Burton, no, no—"R. W." As you see, those are not my initials. (*He goes out.*)

(CRANE *examines the initials, starts, controls himself, glances at the cook and puts the hand-kerchief into pocket. He leans on back of chair.*)

JANE. (*Moving to L. of table*) Yourself was afther wantin' me, Misther Crane?

CRANE. Er—yes—Jane-Ellen, the fact is, I—
(*Sees SMITHFIELD peeping through pantry door.*) That will do, Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD. Er—yes, sir, certainly, sir. (*He goes out reluctantly.*)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, I suppose you can guess what I am going to say?

JANE. The luncheon was not satisfactory, sor?

CRANE. It was perfect. The trouble is about what happened after luncheon.

JANE. Oh, sor, an' was it my fault now that Mr. Tucker would be comin' in the kitchen?

CRANE. I'm not talking about that. You had a previous visitor, I believe.

JANE. Yes—yes, sor. (*L. of table.*)

CRANE. (*Hesitates throughout scene*) Jane-Ellen, I do not approve of young men coming into my house and kissing the cook—not—well, not strangers, anyhow. (*Moves to c. a little.*)

JANE. Yes, sor, 'tis meself quite agrees with your honor.

CRANE. You mean to imply, perhaps, that it was not your fault?

JANE. I'm thinkin', sor, that in your class of life, sor, no gentleman is iver kissin' a girl against her will.

CRANE. Ahem! Well, he shouldn't. I don't want to seem to offer you advice—

JANE. Faith, then, I should be pleased if ye would do that, sor. Advice is wan av the few things a gentleman may offer a girl in my position an' she accept wid a clear conscience.

CRANE. Ahem! Well, then, if I were you, I wouldn't have a young man like that hanging around unless he intended to marry you.

JANE. Sure, sor, there's no doubt av *his* intentions.

CRANE. (*R. of table*) Then he's proposed to you?

JANE. (*L. of table*) Almost every time he sees me till to-day.

CRANE. But not today? Eh?

JANE. To-day, sor, faith to-day he said he'd not wed me if I was the last woman in the world.

CRANE. And what did you think of that?

JANE. Sure, sor, I thought it wasn't true.

CRANE. (*Turns back at R.C.*) Ahem! I . . . I . . . daresay you were right. Still, I can't see why you let him kiss you, if you didn't . . .

JANE. (*She comes front of table end*) If your honor pleases, 'tis not always possible to prevent. You see, sor, I'm not so terrible big.

CRANE. Ah, yes, that—now that you mention it—that is true. Is the young man able to support you?

JANE. I think he is, sor.

CRANE. And yet you don't—

JANE. No, sor. Ye see, sor, I've not the honor to love him.

CRANE. (*Steps on two to R. side of table*) Do you mean you'd rather work for your living than marry a man you didn't love?

JANE. (*Solemnly*) Faith, sor, I would rather

die. (CRANE looks at her. She meets his gaze. His eyes are the first to fall. A long pause.) Will that be all, sor?

CRANE. Yes, that's all. (Goes up c. to door. Turns and sees her watching him.)

JANE. Thank ye, sor!

CRANE. (Goes to door) If that young man comes bothering around you again, just you let me know and I'll settle him.

JANE. Faith—(Tossing her head)—he'll not be back—(CRANE laughs. She pauses)—for a couple of days.

CRANE. What! Oh! (CRANE goes out door c.) I see. (JANE stands still in front of table wondering.)

(SMITHFIELD opens door R.3 gradually, listening. Comes in, then comes down c.)

SMITHFIELD. Say, Livy, did Crane tell you he's fired Charley?

JANE. No. (Comes to him.)

SMITHFIELD. Well, he has.

JANE. Paul!

SMITHFIELD. (c.) That's right!

JANE. Of course, I expected it. What can we do about it?

SMITHFIELD. I give it up.

JANE. (To SMITHFIELD at c.l. of him) Look here, Paul. Randy Weeks slipped in a few minutes ago to say he'd got a fresh lot of servants.

SMITHFIELD. Fine for Randy. When are they coming?

JANE. Not till Tuesday, he thought.

SMITHFIELD. Well, maybe we can keep going till then.

70 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

JANE. Oh, Paul, we've just got to. (*Goes to front of table.*)

SMITHFIELD. (*Follows to R. of table—pause*) Say, Livy, what did Crane want with you?

JANE. Nothing.

SMITHFIELD. Nothing?

JANE. Nothing much. (*Pause.*)

SMITHFIELD. Now, see here, Livy—I think you might tell me.

JANE. (*Mischievously*) We . . . er . . . had a little talk—

SMITHFIELD. What about?

JANE. About kissing.

SMITHFIELD. Kissing? (*Turns a few steps R.*)

JANE. Yes—kissing and lovin' an' marriage—(*Pause*)—and, oh, one thing and another. (*She goes to stove.*)

SMITHFIELD. (*R. of table*) Well, good grief! Livy, if you're not the most exasperating—Look here—did he try to make love to you, too? You know—

JANE. (*Picks up copper kettle from the stove.*) Paul, if you don't leave me alone, I shall certainly throw a kettle at you. How on earth do you think I'm going to get on with my work if you—

SMITHFIELD. Gad! I tell you one thing—you're altogether too good looking. The next sister I pick out is going to be a sight. (*Hurt.*) Oh, well, if you're not going to tell—

JANE. I did tell you. We talked about kissing. (*Moving up to top of table.*)

SMITHFIELD. (*Angry*) All right—all right—keep it up. (*Sits chair L.C.*) But it doesn't seem to me you're playing the game.

JANE. (*Relenting, goes to back of his chair and leans over, rumpling his hair.*) Oh, Paul, dear. I'll tell you sometime. Just now . . . I . . . I

can't. Oh, Paul, I feel all of a sudden kind of faint—and—and lonesome. (PAUL pats her hand on his shoulder.) Whenever I feel like that I—I just have to be kissed.

SMITHFIELD. (Rising) It's a good thing you didn't feel lonesome when you were talking to Crane. (Moves r. a little.)

JANE. I—I did. (Moves to front of table.)

SMITHFIELD. (Turning) What?

JANE. Just a little.

SMITHFIELD. (Taking her in his arms) There—there, sis. Don't you bother. It's all right. Why, where'd we all be if it weren't for— (Gives her a brotherly kiss.)

(CRANE comes through c. door. JANE sees him over SMITHFIELD's shoulder and starts back, pushing SMITHFIELD, who turns and also sees CRANE. SMITHFIELD goes to sink and busies himself with dishes.)

CRANE. (Taking up hat from chair r. of door c.) Oh—oh—please don't mind me. I just—came in for my hat.

JANE. Faith, Misther Crane, we were only—we were only—

CRANE. (Politely) Yes?

SMITHFIELD. (Turning) Yes, sir, exactly, sir, if you'll allow me to say so, sir.

CRANE. Say what?

SMITHFIELD. It—it's precisely as Jane-Ellen was saying, sir—precisely, sir.

JANE. Yis, indade, sor, it's just like Smithfield was afther tellin' your honor, so it is now.

CRANE. (Politely but icily) Ah, now you've explained it, it's all perfectly clear. (CRANE exits door c. and passes window.) Ready BELL.

(JANE, *wilted*, goes to chair R. of table and sits dejectedly. SMITHFIELD puts plate on board, and goes up c. a little, then crosses and stands R. of her.)

SMITHFIELD. Well, what of it?

JANE. Oh, I don't like it.

SMITHFIELD. Nothing to cry about. All he saw was the butler kissing the cook. That's all he can think.

JANE. But I don't want him to think that. Indeed I don't.

SMITHFIELD. Why not? Why the devil shouldn't the butler kiss the cook? Perfectly natural, isn't it? What's the harm?

JANE. Oh, I suppose it's been done before. (Rises.) But I—I don't like it. I don't just seem to like it at all. (Crosses to front end of table and faces PAUL.)

SMITHFIELD. (Suspiciously) But why—why—why? Look here, Livy—

JANE. (Facing him) Well, I'm looking.

SMITHFIELD. Er, I mean, does this man—

JANE. (Calmly) Yes?

SMITHFIELD. What I mean is—ah— (The No. 2 bell rings. He looks at the indicator.) Oh! Coming! Coming! Coming!

(SMITHFIELD goes out through butler's pantry.

JANE ELLEN, left alone, sets things to rights on the stove, then exits for a moment up L. A strange young man of furtive appearance cautiously opens door L.I.E. He gives a hasty glance in room, then turns to close the door after himself. He is tall, slim, good-looking, well dressed, whimsical and evidently on some clandestine errand. He is TOM LEFFERTS. After

closing the door, he turns up stage rapidly to door c., looks out to R., then returns down stage again, but stops stock still as JANE-ELLEN bursts upon him.)

JANE-ELLEN. Glory be! An' who are you?

LEFFERTS. Great Venus!

JANE. The same to you, sor!

LEFFERTS. (A step c., staring) Are—are you the cook?

JANE. Sure, they call me that, sor.

LEFFERTS. Heavens above—I mean Heavens on earth!

JANE. Well, sor?

LEFFERTS. Pardon my agitation; I was expecting to see the cook—but not precisely *such* a cook.

JANE. Very sorry I don't suit, sor. (Crosses to sink.)

LEFFERTS. Oh, you do—you do—don't misunderstand me. You do!

JANE. Askin' your pardon, sor, but—

LEFFERTS. Of course, you want to know what the devil I want in your kitchen.

JANE. Somethin' like that, sor.

LEFFERTS. I'll tell you—I need your help.

JANE. Ah—poor man—he's hungry. Now—a bit of a cold chicken, perhaps— (Starts as if to go to larder.)

LEFFERTS. Cease—desist! (She returns to sink.) Do I look like a beggar?

JANE. Well, perhaps ye don't exactly.

LEFFERTS. And yet I am. I've come to beg your service. Oh, yes, I'm hungry, but not for food. I faint but for assistance; I long for co-operation. I yearn for a colleague.

JANE. Ye yearn for a colleen?

LEFFERTS. (c.) I didn't say it, but I accept your

amendment. (*Moves R. a little.*) You will help me, won't you? Already I perceive that we are kindred souls.

JANE. We're nothin' av the sort. We're total strangers. An' av ye don't get out av me kitchen this blessed minute— (*About to take up a dish to throw.*)

LEFFERTS. Wait! Wait! I beg you, do not condemn me unheard. I'm sure you have a kind heart. No one so lovely could possibly— (*Goes to R. side of the table.*)

JANE. Whenever they want somethin', they tell ye ye have a kind heart. What is ut?

LEFFERTS. Remarkable cook—oh, did I mention that my name was Lefferts? (*Moving a little L.*)

JANE. Ye did not, sor.

LEFFERTS. Well, then, it is. Thomas Lefferts—at your service. And now, remarkable cook, there is a lady visiting in this house—

JANE. There is, then—one. (*Significantly.*)

LEFFERTS. I am anxious for her to get this letter— (*Puts hat on chair R. of table. He produces letter.*)

JANE. Oh—'tis Mrs. Faulkner ye mean?

LEFFERTS. (*Shouting*) Oh, my goodness! it is not!

JANE. Oh, the other one?

LEFFERTS. You'll admit there's a difference—

JANE. I will that.

LEFFERTS. I am anxious for Miss Falkner to get this letter.

JANE. Well, Mr.—Mr. Thomas—

LEFFERTS. Lefferts.

JANE. Sure, there's the post office. (*Crosses to table and gets on with her cooking. Breaks eggs in bowl.*)

LEFFERTS. (*Crossing to R. of table*) Alas! Ex-

ceptional cook, alas! that there should be in this world persons so unprincipled as to open, lose, destroy or otherwise interfere with correspondence not their own. Yet so it is.

JANE. And that one would do it, too.

LEFFERTS. She would indeed. (*A slight turn.*)
In fact, she has.

JANE. She has?

LEFFERTS. (*Down to her again*) I see you understand me already. Said I not, O culinary marvel, that we were kindred souls? You, too, have been in love.

JANE. (*Beating eggs in bowl*) Me? Not yet, sor, but I'm thinkin' av it.

LEFFERTS. (*Wondering if she means him*) That is to say?

JANE. And not with you, neither.

LEFFERTS. (*Backing away up c., then down again to r. of table.*) Oh—no—of course not—certainly not. Well, then, I have the honor to be not altogether unpopular with *Miss Falkner*, but to her mother I am, as it were, the deadliest of poisons.

JANE. 'Tis a sort av a recommendation, sor.

LEFFERTS. In one way, no doubt—in a way. However, it has its inconveniences—such, for example, as clandestine excursions to foreign kitchens. I trust you follow me, celestial cook?

JANE. Sure, ye mean sneakin' around the back way? (*JANE moves down to towel at door L.I.E., wiping her hands.*)

LEFFERTS. (*Backing away.*) 'Tis a bald, unimaginative phrase, but I'm afraid I do. However, time is on the wing. Any moment we may be interrupted.

(*The door latch L.I.E. clicks. JANE holds door shut.*)

76 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

JANE. Someone is here now! Who is it? Who is it? Who—

LEFFERTS. Heavens, I mustn't be found here! (Looks around and rushes into closet R.2E., closing door. JANE looks toward c. and finds LEFFERTS gone.)

JANE. Why, where is he? The man's a sprite! (She opens door. MANDY staggers in, out of breath, and crosses to chair L.C.) Mandy!

MANDY. How'dye, honey—how'dye. (Fanning herself with apron.)

JANE. What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you not to come over?

MANDY. Yes—yes—you certainly did, chile. Well—well—just—just let me get ma breath. How are you, honey? Powerful warm? What are you doing, honey?

JANE. Making corn bread.

MANDY. Is that so, honey?

JANE. Yes, Mandy.

MANDY. Well, what's you all got in it?

JANE. Three eggs—

MANDY. That's right.

JANE. And milk—

MANDY. Yes, honey—

JANE. And I don't know how to go on.

MANDY. Well, maybe a little corn meal will help some. (JANE gets corn meal on table, then gets sugar from mantelpiece and puts it in bowl.) What's the sugar for, honey?—you don't put sugar in corn bread.

JANE. Cooking for Yankee, Mammy. (MANDY laughs, and carries egg shells to sink.)

JANE. How are you, Mammy?

MANDY. I'se kicking, but not very high. How's you all? (Takes up cloth and wipes basin.)

JANE. Oh, I'se a-goin', Mammy, but gruntin',

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN 77

honey, gruntin'. What are you doing here, anyway? Don't you know I told you not to come here? (Crosses to MANDY.)

MANDY. Now you hesitate—

JANE. No, I won't hesitate. Put it down.

MANDY. I tell you, chile, hesitate—hesitate. (Puts bowl down.) Laws, but you're de most pestiferous chile. Look here, honey, ah—ah—I'se done got something what Mister Weeks told me to give you. (Starts to fumble for letter.)

JANE. Oh, bother Randy Weeks! (Crosses to c. MRS. FALKNER'S and CRANE'S voices are heard outside door r.c.) For Heaven's sake, Mammy, some one is coming, scoot! Scoot!

MANDY. Scoot! Why, Miss Honey? Where'll I scoot?

JANE. I don't know—but scoot. Here, quick! Cupboard—quick!

(JANE grabs her by wrist, draws her across stage, opens the closet door. LEFFERTS steps out, forward, but is pushed into cover by JANE, who then closes door, after which she rushes to left. She slams the door on them just as CRANE and MRS. FALKNER come in from the veranda. CRANE is still sulking from the result of his previous visit to the kitchen and evidently returning under MRS. FALKNER'S compulsion. MRS. FALKNER, outside, before entrance)

MRS. FALKNER. (Off) I think I'd like to see the kitchen.

CRANE. (At the door) Mrs. Falkner simply insists on seeing your kitchen, Jane-Ellen. May we come in?

JANE. Sure, sor, ye're as welcome as—I don't know what.

78 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

MRS. FALKNER. Humph! (Turns up her nose. Comes down c.)

CRANE. Thank you.

MRS. FALKNER. (Sniffing the air) Something's burning.

JANE. Thank ye, ma'am. (She moves a saucepan further back on the stove, then opens oven door and turns chicken.)

CRANE. Nice bright kitchen, isn't it? (Goes to dresser.)

MRS. FALKNER. I daresay. (Going up too.)

CRANE. And so clean.

MRS. FALKNER. Of course, on the outside. (Runs handkerchief along woodwork c.) Humph! Jane-Ellen, do you call that clean?

JANE. 'Tis that sorry I am, ma'am, but I've hardly got me bearin's around the place yet. If ye was to come in next week, now—

MRS. FALKNER. Yes, I daresay—or any time when you knew I was coming. (Goes to closet door. JANE's voice stops her. Looks at the pump.) Humph! No running water.

JANE. Faith, ma'am, 'twas not me built the house. (L. of table.)

(Enter ARAMINTA R.3E. Crosses to L. CRANE to outside door c., not to hear ARAMINTA. ARAMINTA enters hurriedly from butler's pantry, wearing a hat and is putting on her gloves.)

ARAMINTA. (Seeing only JANE) I'm going out for a walk, dear. If I don't, I'll explode.

JANE. (Aside to ARAMINTA) Sh! Look out!

ARAMINTA. I haven't— (She sees MRS. FALKNER and CRANE and stops.) I beg pardon. I didn't notice—

MRS. FALKNER. (*Gasping.* CRANE *re-enters*)
Burton! Burton!

CRANE. Eh? What's the matter?

MRS. FALKNER. (*Staggering to a chair and collapsing*) That—that woman!

CRANE. What?

MRS. FALKNER. That woman is wearing Cora's best hat!

CRANE. What?

MRS. FALKNER. This really is too much. (*She fans herself with her handkerchief.*) Even you will admit this is too much! (R. of table.)

CRANE. (*Coming down c.*) Don't be so excited. It probably isn't Cora's at all. Araminta has probably just copied it.

MRS. FALKNER. Nonsense! I think I know a French model when I see it. Young woman, what do you mean by wearing my daughter's hat?

ARAMINTA. (*Tartly*) Your daughter's hat? Nothing of the kind!

MRS. FALKNER. (*To CRANE*) This is insufferable! To have that woman standing there in Cora's hat which I purchased myself and tell me I don't know the hat when I see it!

CRANE. Araminta, have you any explanation?

ARAMINTA. (*Setting her teeth*) None at all!

CRANE (*Steps toward ARAMINTA*) Did Miss Falkner by any chance say anything that made you think she intended to give you the hat?

ARAMINTA. She did not.

MRS. FALKNER. The idea! Give a housemaid a forty-five dollar French hat!

CRANE. Then, Araminta, I'm afraid you must take off the hat and give it to Miss Falkner and go pack your things and be out of the house before dinner. (*Goes up stage L.C. LIVY and BESS exchange looks.* SMITHFIELD *comes in R.3E.*)

SMITHFIELD. (*Comes on whistling and dancing*)
Beg pardon, sir.

CRANE. Smithfield, I have dismissed Araminta.

SMITHFIELD. Dismissed—!

CRANE. (*Moving to top of table*) For wearing
one of Miss Falkner's hats. She has it on now.

JANE. (*Coming to below table, L. of ARAMINTA*)
Oh, no, sir. I can explain that. The hat was given
her by Mrs. Crossley-Billington, she thinking it a
trifle too young for her, she being a lady now possi-
bly Mrs. Falkner's age, though hardly looking
forty-five by candle-light, sir.

MRS. FALKNER. Really!

JANE. Faith, ma'am, if I may make so bould,
'twas the first night afther ye came here, an' Ara-
mint'a'd been unpackin' ye, sure wasn't it in the same
kitchen she was afther tellin' us Miss Falkner has a
bonnet the dead spit—

CRANE. (*Trying to stop JANE*) Yes, yes—yes—
yes. Now don't get excited.

JANE. —av her own, and we was all advisin' her
fer not to be a-wearin' her own till ye was off the
place, so we was now. (*She continues her explana-
tion ad lib.*)

SMITHFIELD. (*Speaks on cue of which JANE
continues*) Just so, milady, exactly what I was go-
ing to say.

(*At this point CORA enters c., goes to c.r. of CRANE,
wearing a hat which is the exact duplicate of
ARAMINTA'S.*)

CORA. Burton, aren't you coming? (*A step in-
side door.*)

CRANE. Mrs. Falkner, look! (*Indicates the two
hats. They all stare from CORA'S hat to ARAMIN-
TA'S and back again.*)

JANE. (L. of ARAMINTA) Faith, I said it. The dead spit! (SMITHFIELD moves up stage.)

CRANE. Araminta, an apology seems to be due to you. I have great pleasure in offering it, though I must say if you had been a little more civil, the whole matter could have been cleared up at once. (Comes around R. of table.)

MRS. FALKNER. I think it outrageous that a servant should wear a hat which cost forty-five dollars! (Down R.)

ARAMINTA. (Crosses to c., facing MRS. FALKNER. Breaking out) Indeed! And now I'll tell you what I think is outrageous, and that is that women like you, calling themselves ladies, should be free to browbeat and insult servants as much as they please. (CORA a little down L.C.)

SMITHFIELD. Araminta, be quiet! (Coming forward.)

ARAMINTA. No, I won't! No one knows what I've put up with from that old harridan!

MRS. FALKNER. (Gasping and moving forward) Burton! Stop her!

ARAMINTA. And now I'm going to say what I think.

CRANE. (R. of table) No, you're not. We're all very sorry this has happened, but you really can't be allowed to talk like that. Smithfield, take her away. Pay her off and don't let us see her again. (SMITHFIELD takes the protesting ARAMINTA off R.3E.)

CRANE. (Advancing to MRS. FALKNER very apologetically) Really, Mrs. Falkner, you can't think how sorry I am that—

MRS. FALKNER. (R.C.) Yes, yes, no doubt—no doubt.

JANE. Don't ye be angry, ma'am. (Apparently

trying to mollify her.) Couldn't I be afther showin' ye the ice box or somethin'?

MRS. FALKNER. The idea! Come, Cora, let us leave this place at once. (*Majestically she turns to march off, and with the utmost dignity mistakes the door at R.2E. for the door at R.C. and so opens the closet door, discovering a white man and a colored woman. MANDY bounces out like a rubber ball, bumping into MRS. FALKNER. MRS. FALKNER, with a shriek, backs out into the kitchen, going down R.*)

CRANE. What's this? What's this?

JANE. God bless us and save us!

(MANDY emerges from the closet, staggers across stage as JANE opens door for her. MANDY exits L.I.E. Then LEFFERTS appears in doorway of the closet, hat in hand, and stands panting.)

CORA. (*When laugh is over, coming down R., below cupboard*) Tom Lefferts!

LEFFERTS. (*With broken straw hat, disarranged tie, wilted collar and a sickly smile*) Er—how do you do?

MRS. FALKNER. (*Crossing to c.*) Burton, may I ask what is the meaning of this?

CRANE. I haven't the slightest idea. Perhaps Jane-Ellen will explain.

JANE. Faith, sor, an' I never set eyes on ayther av thim before. (*Exits through door up L.*)

CRANE. Cora, you seem to know the young man.

CORA. Er—yes—allow me, Mr. Lefferts—this is Mr. Crane.

LEFFERTS. Er—delighted to meet you. How are you?

CRANE. May I ask to what I owe this unexpected honor?

LEFFERTS. Why—er—the fact is—that is to say—ah—

MRS. FALKNER. (Interrupting) The fact is, Burton—

LEFFERTS. (Rallying and making a fight for it) Allow me, Mrs. Falkner. (Crosses to MRS. FALKNER c.) As the injured party—

MRS. FALKNER. The injured party! (Crosses to CORA R.)

LEFFERTS. (c.) Precisely. I appeal to you, Mr. Crane. Had I or had I not the right to assume that if there was one place on earth where I would be safe from Mrs. Falkner's pursuit it would be the kitchen cupboard?

CRANE. Well, really—I'm not in a position to answer that.

LEFFERTS. (c. Warming up to his subject) Of course. Certainly, any right-minded person would say as much. Well, sir, secure in my confidence, I retire to my closet for rest and—er—seclusion. Do I get it? I do not. First of all—I am forced to share my closet, quite against my will, with a stout, elderly female person of color. And as if that weren't bad enough, who should burst in on me but Mrs. Falkner. It's intrusion. That's what I call it—unwarrantable intrusion. And now, Mrs. Falkner, I should like to know what the devil you mean by it? (During the above speech MRS. FALKNER is talking and scolding CORA, who is inclined to laugh.)

MRS. FALKNER. Mr. Lefferts—!

LEFFERTS. Why the devil can't you keep out of my cupboard?

MRS. FALKNER. (Crosses to CRANE L.C.) Burton, this wild nonsense has gone far enough. This man has pursued my daughter for over a year, despite the fact that I have forbidden him to see her or to communicate with her in any way. My judgment

of his character is, I trust, sufficiently confirmed by this latest outrage. He calls himself a poet. What he and that colored person were doing in that closet, I leave it to him to say. (LEFFERTS goes up to door c., *protesting*.)

CORA. Oh, Mother! (*Half-laughing, she goes up and joins LEFFERTS near door c.*)

MRS. FALKNER. (*Without stopping*) And now, Burton, my daughter and I have trespassed sufficiently on your hospitality. We will return to Washington by the first train. Kindly have the motor ready to take us. Cora, come with me. (*She starts to go. Going to cupboard again, she opens it and slams it, exclamation of disgust. Hesitating*) Will some one be good enough to show me the way out? Come, Cora. (*Exits door R.3 at back.*)

LEFFERTS. With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am.

(MRS. FALKNER exits R.3 and CORA, after throwing kiss to LEFFERTS. CRANE and LEFFERTS look at each other and then fall to laughing quietly.)

LEFFERTS. (*At length controlling himself*) I take it that things are fairly clear to you. That woman is really a terror and I did want a word with Cora—

CRANE. Of course, I understand. It's all clear enough. I'll do my best to square you with her. (LEFFERTS moves down a little R.)

LEFFERTS. I'm afraid it can't be done. The devil of it is I'm little better than a pauper and—

CRANE. I take it you're staying in the neighborhood?

LEFFERTS. Oh, yes—only a mile away—with the Randolphs.

CRANE. (*Thoughtfully*) Well, then, come over

to dinner to-night and I'll try and make Mrs. Falkner see reason. We'll see what can be done.

LEFFERTS. (*Going c.*) You're awfully good, but—

CRANE. Not a bit of it.

LEFFERTS. Well, if you're going to square me in that quarter you'll need all the time there is, so perhaps I'd better *run*. (*Starts to door down L.*)

CRANE. (*Stopping him*) Oh, come this way. I will have my chauffeur take you over.

LEFFERTS. Thanks, thanks! (*Goes up to door c.*)

CRANE. Oh, Mr. Lefferts, are you really a poet?

LEFFERTS. Well, sometimes I have a jingle published, but my real job is assistant editor of a thing called the "Statistician." I merely write the jingles as an antidote. (*Goes up to the door c.*) Ah, ah, what does the good book say—"What is whispered in the closet shall be proclaimed from the house-tops." How true! How true! (*Exit c.*)

CRANE. (*Calling after him*) I'll be with you in a moment.

(*At exit of LEFFERTS, CRANE walks down stage c., as if waiting for JANE, who after a pause enters from L.3E. and comes down between table and stove.*)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, I have a most unpleasant task to perform. Perhaps you know when I leased this house it was arranged with Mr. Weeks to furnish a competent staff of white servants. Now you, Jane-Ellen, are a most excellent cook and Smithfield is competent enough, but as for the other two, you know how competent they are. I shall pay you and Smithfield six weeks' wages and I shall cancel the lease and leave the house to-morrow. If the Dainerfields want their money they can sue me for it as long as they please.

JANE. (*Goes up c. Very softly*) Sure—you don't mean that? (*Moving round to R. of table.*)

CRANE. I do. (*Coming toward her.*)

JANE. Mr. Crane—Mr. Crane—you won't be breaking the lease. Shure, there's no trouble at all after once you get Mrs. Falkner out of the place. Oh, Mr. Crane, please— (*She comes to R. of table toward him slowly.*)

CRANE. Oh, Jane-Ellen—Jane-Ellen. You know, you're a very strange girl. You are quite sure there is not something you want to tell me? (*She puts out her hands, which he instinctively tries to take, and she, almost without knowing, withdraws them.*)

JANE. (*Whispering*) No, sir, no—

CRANE. Because if there is, I feel sure you could trust me to—to understand. You seem to be in some sort of trouble, and, if I can, I'd like, oh so very much, to help you.

JANE. You're very kind, sir. But there is nothing you can do. (*Pause.*) Nothing.

CRANE. Are you quite sure you cannot tell me? Because, you see, Jane-Ellen, when you look like that it seems somehow I just have to do something about it.

JANE. You are very kind, sir.

CRANE. Now wouldn't it make it easier if you could think of me just for a moment not as your employer—but just as a decent chap who would do anything in the world to make you smile once again, because you know, Jane-Ellen, when you smile— (*JANE smiles*)—that's it! Come now, don't you think you could tell me? (*Pause.*)

JANE. No, sor.

CRANE. Why not, Jane-Ellen? (*Pause.*)

JANE. Well, sor, this is the way of it: Supposing—supposing you was in a bad fix; supposing those you loved, your very dearest, was to be sick

and in trouble; suppose you picked out the grandest plan to save them, and then, after you had done your very best, everything was to go smash—well, sor, that's the time there's nothing left to do but just to creep into your own heart and shut the door.

CRANE. (*Patting her hand*) I'm sorry, Jane-Ellen. I'm sorry—

(CRANE exits door c. without stopping. JANE begins to cry softly. Goes up to door c., leaning her head against it, and when MANDY enters, turns her back so the tears will not be evident. MANDY enters door L.I.E.)

MANDY. Say, I done found dat— Why, honey chile, is you cryin', hun'—honey lamb, child, now don't you go spoilin' your blessed blue eyes. (Goes to JANE at c.)

JANE. (*With her back to MANDY*) It's nothing, Mammy—nothing!

MANDY. (*Standing in front of chair L.C., ready to seat herself later*) Well, I done found that letter that Mr. Randy Weeks done gib me. He say it's a cable.

JANE. (*Turning slowly to front*) A cable?

MANDY. Yas'm, honey.

JANE. (*Taking cable, opening it, but not looking at it*) Mammy,—I'm afraid.

MANDY. Dear, dear—honey chile!

JANE. Oh—oh—mammy! (*She slowly opens cablegram and reads. She drops it and puts hands to her face.*)

MANDY. Honey chile, what's the matter?

JANE. Oh, it's daddy!—the surgeons have operated on him.

MANDY. Oh, he's gwine to be all right, honey.

JANE. They don't know, they don't know—it's

88 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

too soon to tell. Oh, mammy, mammy, if he shouldn't get well, what will I do, what will I do? Oh, mammy, oh, mammy, if he shouldn't get well!

(Weeping JANE falls into MANDY's arms and MANDY seats herself in the chair L.C., lifting JANE on her lap and rocking her to and fro, as a child.)

MANDY. My little lady baby, my little lady baby.

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *The dining room. See photograph.*

TIME: *Just before dinner on the same day as ACT II.*

The room has two windows at L. They are low French windows opening on a practical veranda.

The entrance from the hall is at rear L.C.

The entrance to the butler's pantry is at R.C. This door to the butler's pantry entrance has a screen in front of it. Just below this door R. a serving table stands against the R. wall. A beautiful old mahogany sideboard stands R. against the wall at R. The dining table that stands at C. is oval and not very large—just big enough for four persons, in fact. There are lighted candles on the sideboard. The room is lighted by chandelier C. See light plot.

DISCOVERED: *At rise, SMITHFIELD is just finishing setting the table. He stands at back of table.*

Enter BRINDLEBURY at R.C. His get-up is totally different. He wears a grey wig, very suspicious-looking, grey side-whiskers and a suit of nondescript clothes much too big for him.

BRINDLEBURY. *(Poking his head around the screen) Hist!*

SMITHFIELD. Look here, Charlie, didn't I tell you to lie low?

BRINDLEBURY. (*Coming in around screen*) Yes, but Livy says—

SMITHFIELD. I don't care what she says. You've got to keep out of sight as much as possible or it'll be all up.

BRINDLEBURY. Aw, say, Paul, they'll never suspect. Didn't I help take the old lady's trunks downstairs right under her very nose?

SMITHFIELD. Yes, I know, but—

BRINDLEBURY. (*At upper end of the sideboard R.*) And say, just look at this. D'ye ever see a finer limp? (*He stumps up and down R. with the walk of a man with a stiff leg.*)

SMITHFIELD. (c.) It's a good enough limp—but your make-up's rotten—(*Crosses to R., near screen*)—and your voice is worse. Don't you ever get near enough for Crane to speak to you. Keep away under cover, not that it makes much difference, I reckon.

BRINDLEBURY. Why, what do you mean?

SMITHFIELD. Oh, nothing. You'll know soon enough. (*He goes out at R.C. BRINDLEBURY goes R.*)

(Enter CRANE from the hall door L.C. *He wears a dinner coat.*)

CRANE. Oh, Smithfield.

BRINDLEBURY. Eh? (*Hand to ear.*)

CRANE. (*Seeing BRINDLEBURY, who is upstage above sideboard*) Here, I say— (*BRINDLEBURY stops.*) What's your name?

BRINDLEBURY. (*In a thin, squeaky voice*) Yes, sir. I'm lame. Been so ever—

CRANE. (*Standing L. of table c., shouting*) No, no. I asked your name.

BRINDLEBURY. When I came? Oh, this afternoon, sir. Mr. Smithfield he telephoned to my wife —sir—he says "Susan," he says, "Susan——"

CRANE. (*Sternly*) Come here.

BRINDLEBURY. Hey?

CRANE. Come here. Let me look at you—— (*At this BRINDLEBURY limps slowly to L., below table c., and jumps out of the lower French window and disappears.*) Here! What's the matter with you? (*He dashes out of the window in pursuit.*) Come here!

(MAMMY enters, sees CRANE and BRINDLEBURY exit. she roars with laughter. Enter PAUL.)

MANDY. (*Near window down L.*) For de good Lawd's sake, foot carry me fast! I wonder what's dat? (*Feels about for cable.* Enter PAUL r.c.)

PAUL. (*Crossing to c. front of table*) What are you doing here, Mandy?

MANDY. Ne' mind, ne' mind, is you-all alone, honey?

PAUL. Yes, Mandy, what is it?

MANDY. Marse Randy—he done give me another one of them—cable-ums. (*She gives him cable-gram.*) He told me to fetch it right up to you-all. Lordy Massa, Paul, I'se just full o' cable-ums. Heah yo' is. (*Hands him cablegram.*)

(PAUL reads it, standing c., in front of chair.)

PAUL. (*Softly*) Mandy, Mandy! Thank God!

MANDY. About yo' paw, Marse Paul?

PAUL. Yes, Mandy. Father's out of danger, thank God!

MANDY. Ain't de Lawd good! (*Quickly*) Where my lil' white baby? (*Crosses to R.C.*)

PAUL. In the kitchen, Mandy.

MANDY. Marse Paul, Miss Livy she's worryin' her little heart out. You give me dat cable-um. I just tote it down to her. (*He gives it to her. Crosses to R.C.*) Dis mammy want her baby to get his blessed news fast! (*Going*) Oh, ain't de Lawd good? Ain't de Lawd good? (*Exits door R.C.*)

(SMITHFIELD moves R., takes up and looks at cable envelope. TUCKER enters door L.C.)

TUCKER. (*Comes to R.C. above table.*) Smithfield, have you seen Mr. Crane anywhere?

SMITHFIELD. No, sir. Oh, here he is. (*Exits door R.C.*)

CRANE. (*Appears at window, enters room and sits on window-sill.*) Phew! Haven't run so fast since I was in college.

TUCKER. (*R.C.*) May I inquire?

CRANE. Certainly. I've been chasing Brindy.

TUCKER. Brindy!

CRANE. (*Going up c.*) No less. There's his wig. (*Tossing wig to TUCKER, who catches it.*)

TUCKER. Good gracious! Then—

CRANE. Precisely. The aged servitor with the stiff leg—Brindy—

TUCKER. (*Above table R. end of same*) Good Lord! I shouldn't be surprised if we were all murdered in our beds.

CRANE. Which leads us to the next step. (*Takes wig from TUCKER as he crosses to R.C. TUCKER moves L.*)

(Enter SMITHFIELD from R.C. with cigar tray.)

CRANE. Smithfield—

SMITHFIELD. Yes, sir. (SMITHFIELD approaches CRANE.)

CRANE. I fear your new useful man won't do. He seems to me a bit too ancient.

SMITHFIELD. (At R. below CRANE) Oh, sir, he's not so old as he looks.

CRANE. I thought not.

SMITHFIELD. Only 66 his next birthday.

CRANE. Sixty-six!

SMITHFIELD. Or 7.

CRANE. Surprising, eh, Tuck?

TUCKER. Very.

CRANE. Is he married?

SMITHFIELD. Not yet, that is—he's a widower of many years' standing. His poor wife dying when her first baby was born—that's Mr. Crosslett-Bil-lington's present chauffeur, sir.

CRANE. The baby?

SMITHFIELD. Yes, sir—no, sir. That's how I happened—

CRANE. That's enough, Smithfield. Your aged friend is Brindy—who Brindy is, God knows. Don't stop to pack. Mr. Weeks will send your things. Get out of my house at once. And if you want a testimonial I will write you one saying that you are the most competent liar of my acquaintance. And there's a souvenir for you. (Tosses wig to SMITHFIELD. SMITHFIELD looks at the wig, rolls up his sleeves as one in anguish, and swallows hard once or twice.)

SMITHFIELD. Thank you, sir. (With a gulp) Will that be all, sir? (Goes up a little.)

CRANE. Quite all.

SMITHFIELD. Thank you, sir. (Goes up and takes salver from sideboard, placing wig in it. He goes out at R.C.)

CRANE. Well, Tuck, we seem to be shrinking.
(Sits in chair R. end of table c.)

TUCKER. (L. of table, leaning on chair L. of table end) In the course of a long and varied experience at the bar—

CRANE. Yes, yes, to be sure. Now will you oblige me by telephoning Mr. Weeks to come out here at once? I think we'll end this episode immediately. The ladies have left us, one in tears the other in wrath—three out of four servants have departed. The roof'll be falling in next.

TUCKER. (Going) I'll telephone Mr. Weeks at once. (Starts toward door L.C. Stops.)

CRANE. Good!

TUCKER. (Pause) Oh, but it's nearly dinner-time.

CRANE. Ask him to dinner, then.

TUCKER. Very well, Burton.

CRANE. I asked Lefferts, too.

TUCKER. That man! Really—

CRANE. Oh, come off, Tuck. Stop that bad imitation of your sister. Lefferts is a fine chap and you know it. Run along, please.

TUCKER. (At door L.C., turning) By the way, Burton, who's going to serve this dinner?

CRANE. Oh, that's what I'm going to see about now.

(TUCKER exits door L.C. CRANE rises and goes to pantry door, stops, then rings bell cord at mantel and comes down to back of armchair, R. end of table, and stands waiting. JANE appears R.C. After a pause.)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, come here.

(JANE is very gentle and rather wistful, but confident of the kindly reception which she does not get.)

CRANE. (Severely) Jane-Ellen—

JANE. (Standing on his R.) Oh, sor, this time, faith I know what's afther makin' ye scold.

CRANE. (Stiffly) I am not going to scold.

JANE. (Smiling good-naturedly) Sure, sor, an' that's a wonder, so it is. (She gets no answering smile.) Ah, now, Misther Crane, sure an' I couldn't be afther givin' Smithfield away over that nonsense about the boy, now c'u'd I?

CRANE. Really, I haven't considered the matter at all.

JANE. Why, Misther Crane, what's come over ye?

CRANE. Be good enough not to ask questions. I wish to give some orders.

JANE. Orders? (Stiffens herself and freezes.) Indade, sor?

CRANE. Two gentlemen are coming to dinner—that makes four in all—and as Smithfield is gone, you will have to serve dinner as well as cook it.

JANE. (Folding arms) No, sor, certainly I'll not.

CRANE. What!

JANE. Faith, 'tis a cook I am and not butler at all.

CRANE. You will do as you are told.

JANE. I'll do no such thing, then.

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, you will serve dinner.

JANE. Misther Crane, I will not. (There's a brief pause.)

CRANE. We seem to be dealing with the eternal problem between employer and employed. (Crosses to L.C. front of table c.) You're not lazy, the work

is nothing, yet you deliberately choose to stand on your rights on a purely technical point.

JANE. I'm doin' nothin' of the sort, then.

CRANE. I should like to know what you call it.

JANE. Sure, I'm making myself just as disagreeable as I can. 'Tis charmed I'd be fer to oblige a gentleman that asked me nice an' polite like, but whin a man talks about orders an' me doin' as I'm told, all I got to say to that man is he'd ought to be thinkin' av thim things before he's dismissin' me two brothers, so he'd ought. Orders! Humph!

CRANE. Your brothers! Do you mean to tell me Smithfield is your brother, too?

JANE. Well, sor, I wasn't meanin' to tell ye, but 'tis a fact.

CRANE. Rather unusual for an Irish girl to have English brothers, isn't it?

JANE. (*After a pause*) Faith, the two av thim was raised in London from a couple av kids.

CRANE. Whereas you were brought up in Ireland?

JANE. I was, then—God forgive me!

CRANE. And Miss Olivia Daingerfield has known you all her life?

JANE. Sure, she was on'y writin' a testimonial. You know what them things is.

CRANE. Say, why didn't you tell me before that Smithfield was your brother?

JANE. Faith, I can't see what difference it makes at all.

CRANE. (*Now suddenly high-spirited*) Why, it makes all the difference in the world. If he's your brother he's got a perfect right to— (*Coughs and moves to L. several steps.*)

JANE. To what?

CRANE. (*Returning to c.*) Ah—er—that is to say, I apologize for everything I've said since you

came in here, and I ask you most humbly if you won't be so kind as to help me out. You are going to be an angel and serve dinner, aren't you?

JANE. Didn't I say I would if I was asked polite-like?

CRANE. Thank you, thank you, ah! Indeed, Jane-Ellen you are an angel. (*He exits door L.C. JANE follows around to L.C.*)

(*After a moment, SMITHFIELD peeks in, around screen.*)

SMITHFIELD. Hist!

JANE. (*Starting. Goes to back of table c.*) Oh, Paul! You frightened me. Where's Bess and Charley?

SMITHFIELD. Up in the garret playing checkers.

JANE. The poor dears must be starved. Tell them not to make any noise. I'll slip up after dinner and bring you a bit, if there's any left. Now be quiet, all of you! (*Crosses down to chair L. of table.*)

SMITHFIELD. Yes! But what are you going to do?

JANE. I told you.

SMITHFIELD. But it's no use. The game's up.

JANE. All the same, I'm going to stay and see the last card played.

SMITHFIELD. What's the good? He's going to break the lease and get out to-morrow. I heard old Tucker telephoning to Randy to come over at once. You can't do anything. Come on. Let's all get away.

JANE. No, indeed.

SMITHFIELD. (*Going toward her. Easy*) You're not going to go on, doing this man's work?

JANE. He may change his mind.

SMITHFIELD. Livy—

JANE. Besides, the poor man's got to eat.

SMITHFIELD. Now look here, Livy, I think you—

JANE. Hsh! Somebody's coming! (Drops down R.C. to sideboard.)

(SMITHFIELD *hastily goes out at R.C.* TUCKER *comes in from the hall door L.C.*)

TUCKER. Ah, Jane-Ellen—

JANE. Good evenin', Misther Tucker.

TUCKER. (Close to her) The time has come sooner than we thought when I can be of assistance to you.

JANE. Yes, indade, sor. (She thrusts a carving knife and fork into his hands.) 'Tis a dale of work for a poor girl. Will ye kindly put them at Mr. Crane's place? Right over there. (He hesitates, then awkwardly puts knife and fork ends toward armchair L. end of table.)

TUCKER. (Starting toward her) I'm very sorry indeed that things have happened so. But you see, Mr. Crane—

JANE. (Waving him back) Oh, sor, not that way. Niver turn the point av a knife toward the chair. 'Tis bad luck, sor.

TUCKER. Oh, indeed! (Places knife and fork properly.) But, as I was saying— (JANE blows out candles down R. end of the sideboard R.)

JANE. Faith, 'tis a wicked bad butler ye'd make, an' no mistake.

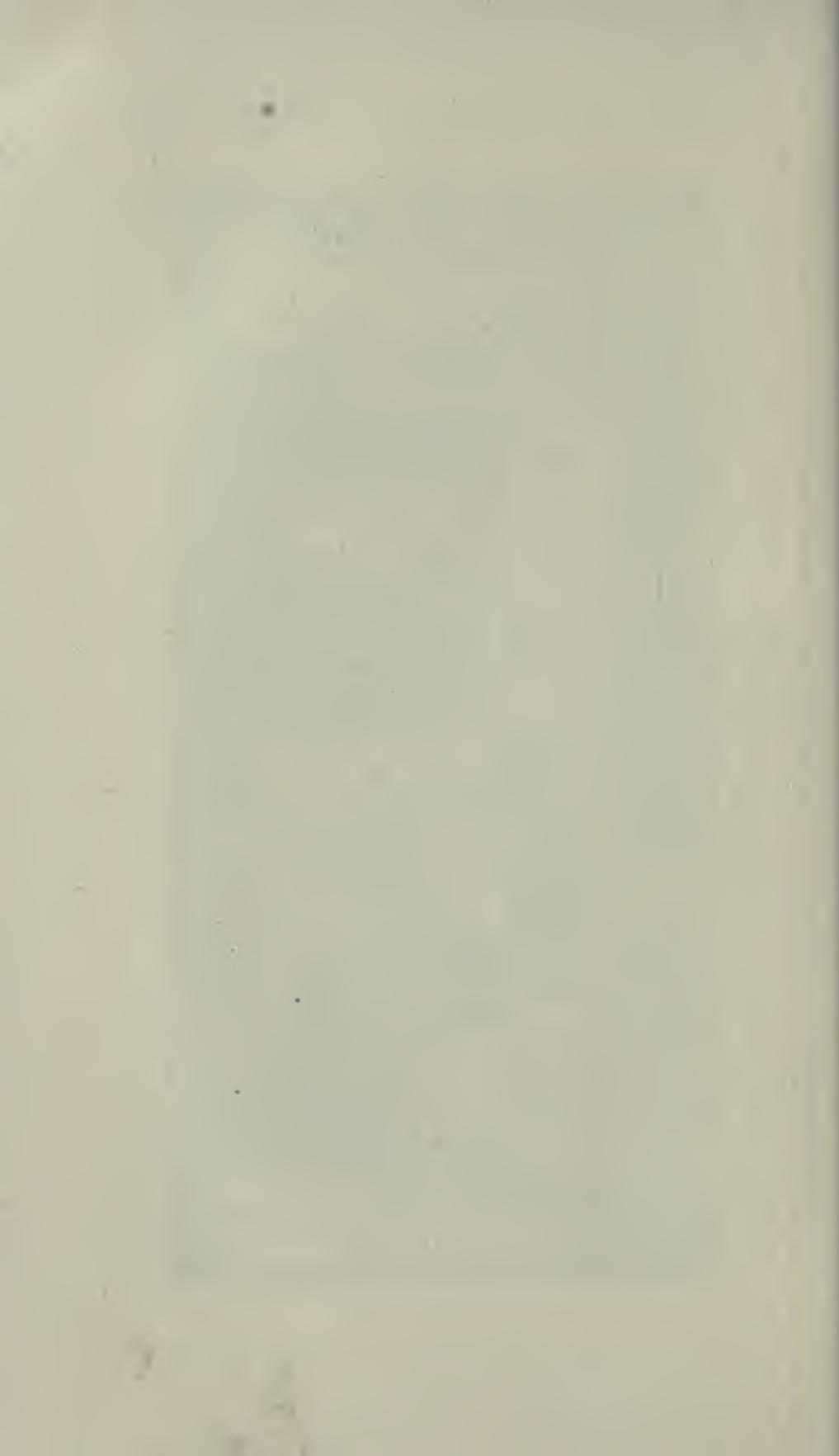
TUCKER. (Returning to her at the sideboard) There is something I want to say to you before anyone comes in.

JANE. Have ye a match about ye, now? (She holds candelabra between TUCKER and herself.)

See Page 80

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"





TUCKER *produces a gold match-box.*) Av course. Sure ye're a match for anywan, so ye are now. Will ye kindly be lighting 'em for me?

TUCKER. (*Lights candles as JANE holds them up.*) I suppose you know Mr. Crane is leaving to-morrow.

JANE. So I've heard, sor.

TUCKER. And you are about to lose your place.

JANE. Yis, sor. 'Tis the first wan I iver lost.

TUCKER. (*Insinuatingly*) Why not make it the last? (*Candle and nose business.*)

JANE. Sor?

TUCKER. Why not come to me? I could offer you a position you need *never* leave.

JANE. Please leave me pass, sor.

TUCKER. Not till you've heard me. (*She rings silver dinner bell violently with her left hand, holding candle in right.*) Ah, my dear child—— (*He moves toward her, looking very much as if he intended to embrace her. She avoids him.*) Jane-Ellen, what are you doing?

JANE. Faith, sor, I can't be runnin' all over the house callin' people to dinner.

TUCKER. There's something I want you to—tell——

(Enter CRANE *hastily door L.C.* TUCKER *crosses front of table to L.*)

CRANE. (*Coming to c., back of table. To TUCKER, who looks rather sheepish*) What the deuce are you doing here, Tuck?

TUCKER. I—ah—I was assisting Jane-Ellen to set the table. (*JANE-ELLEN laughs and exits through screen door.*)

CRANE. The devil you were!

TUCKER. Do you mean to say you question my word?

CRANE. You bet I do!

TUCKER. (At door) And may I ask what you think I was doing?

CRANE. Well, I don't think you were picking daisies.

(TUCKER exits indignantly at door L.C., closing it after him.)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen—Jane-Ellen!

JANE. (Entering) Yis, sor.

CRANE. Was Mr. Tucker making love to you?

JANE. Well, sor, I couldn't be sayin' for sure.

CRANE. Nonsense! Don't you know?

JANE. Faith, then, how's a poor girl to know? The gentlemen have so many ways of makin' love.

CRANE. (Turning to look at JANE, who stands up R. of the screen. CRANE is L. of it.) The trouble with you is, Jane-Ellen, that you are a damn sight too pretty.

JANE. Oh, Mr. Crane, stop yer blarney.

CRANE. (Imitating her brogue) As if every man you know for the last five years had not been saying the same thing to you.

JANE. (Giving him a sidelong look) Sure, sor, none av them was iver afther sayin' it quite like that, sor. (Swiftly she turns and is gone into the butler's pantry. CRANE laughs and watches her off. She changes to maid's black dress.)

(Voices of men are heard in the hall. CRANE turns as LEFFERTS and WEEKS enter door L.C.)

CRANE. Ah! Mr. Weeks! Mr. Lefferts! Glad you could come at such short notice, Mr. Weeks.

WEEKS. (*At mantel*) Well, I'm not far away, but I couldn't have made it without the little Ford.

LEFFERTS. (*Near window L.*) Yes, it's the motor car that makes country life possible.

CRANE. Yes, and it's the Ford makes it probable. (*Laughs. Goes to sideboard.*)

LEFFERTS Very true—but tell me where are the ladies?

CRANE. (*Who has busied himself at the sideboard.*) Oh, didn't Tucker tell you?

LEFFERTS. No.

CRANE. They were suddenly called away.

LEFFERTS. Called away?

CRANE. Yes. I'm sorry—but one of them felt that both of them must go.

LEFFERTS. Humph! (*Crosses to front of table R.*) No need to ask which *one*.

CRANE. I think not. And one of them left a note for you. (*Gives LEFFERTS a note.*)

LEFFERTS. (c. Delighted. *Opens letter and moving L. a little*) Thank you.

CRANE. (*At sideboard. A pause while LEFFERTS opens his note and reads.*) By the way, Mr. Lefferts, as a professional statistician, you've probably heard of a periodical called "The Financier."

LEFFERTS. Oh, yes. (*Puts letter in pocket.*)

CRANE. Well, I own it. Never read it, but I own it. Don't know a damn thing about it. I inherited it. I need an editor. Could you do it?

LEFFERTS. I? (*Going a little up to CRANE, very surprised.*)

CRANE. Yes—present editor's leaving. He doesn't know it, but he is. Like the job?

LEFFERTS. Would I!!! (*WEEKS moves back to mantel.*)

CRANE. (*At sideboard, pouring sherry from de-*

TUCKER. (*Coldly*)
LEFFERTS. Favor
TUCKER. From n
CRANE. Well, he
the statistician. (*A*
WEEKS. Don't k
to it. (*All laugh a*
CRANE. Oh, any
right.

LEFFERTS. (*Smiling*)
that's something like
TUCKER. (*Putting*
c. *behind table*) V
very good. (*To WEEKS*)
Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. Oh, we do

(*During the last two*
LEFFERTS *the house*
Second Act. A
some fun with L

CRANE. Oh, by the
I think. (*He takes*
and gives it to WEEKS)

WEEKS. (*Coming to his r., TUCKER going down*
L.) Mine?

CRANE. Yes.—“R. W.”—your initials, aren’t they?

WEEKS. (*Rattled, taking handkerchief*) Why, yes—yes—it must be mine. (*Moves L.C.*)

CRANE. I found it in the kitchen this afternoon. (*LEFFERTS laughs.*)

TUCKER. (*Looking at WEEKS, then to CRANE*) Where?

CRANE. In the kitchen.

(TUCKER turns a glare of illumination on WEEKS, Then TUCKER goes up stage.)

WEEKS. (*Moving down L.*) Yes—yes—thank you very much—er—awfully warm for this time of year.

CRANE. Very. Pray be seated, gentlemen—Mr. Weeks, Mr. Lefferts, Mr. Tucker.

(LEFFERTS sits R. end of table; WEEKS sits with back to audience. TUCKER sits at back of the table, facing WEEKS.)

TUCKER. I am ready, for one.

CRANE. (*All seated.*) Always, Tuck, always.

(JANE ELLEN enters with soup plates. She crosses to CRANE as if to put them on the table. CRANE jumps from his chair, taking the soup plates from tray. He watches JANE-ELLEN exit.)

LEFFERTS. Wonderfully attractive country around here, Mr. Weeks, isn’t it?

WEEKS. Glad you appreciate it, Mr. Lefferts. Is this your first visit down here?

LEFFERTS. Yes. I am—as you’ve probably guessed, a Northerner.

(TUCKER turns, sees CRANE holding plates and gazes toward the butler's pantry.)

TUCKER. Burton, what are you doing with the soup plates?

(CRANE, rather annoyed, sits down, putting soup plates in front of him.)

WEEKS. I hope this wont be your last visit, Mr. Lefferts. Where are you staying?

(JANE ELLEN brings on soup tureen. Takes it to CRANE. He removes it from tray and places it in front of him. Starts to serve.)

LEFFERTS. I am staying with some friends, the Randolphs—friends of yours, I believe.

WEEKS. Yes. Jack Randolph and I went to school together.

TUCKER. (To LEFFERTS) May I trouble you for the olives, please?

LEFFERTS. (Passing them) Yes, I think I heard Jack speak of you.

WEEKS. We had three years at school together at Charlottesville. You are very fortunate to be here this season of the year.

LEFFERTS. How's that?

WEEKS. This is our hunting season, you know.

TUCKER. Will you please pass me the almonds?

LEFFERTS. Oh, yes. (Passes them, rather annoyed.)

(By this time JANE-ELLEN has served soup to WEEKS. WEEKS has not noticed that it is JANE-ELLEN who is serving the table. As she puts the soup plate down he sees her hand and arm

are obviously not those of SMITHFIELD. His eyes follow her arm up till they come to her face. He is horrified. JANE-ELLEN makes a face at him and turns back to get soup for LEFFERTS. Passes soup to LEFFERTS.)

TUCKER. (As JANE passes soup to LEFFERTS) Will you please pass me the salt? (This time LEFFERTS passes him salt, pepper, the butter-dish, butter knife, and anything else he can think of. JANE-ELLEN has given soup to TUCKER. Exit JANE-ELLEN, returning almost immediately. Men start to drink their soup.)

CRANE. How is the soup, Tuck?

TUCKER. Excellent, Burton, excellent. (JANE stands with tray in hand with back to the screen.)

LEFFERTS. Very soothing. (Pause.)

WEEKS. Just right. Just right. (Pause.)

CRANE. You can't beat these people down here for soup.

(CRANE signals to JANE, who removes soup plates, going to WEEKS first, then LEFFERTS second. As JANE takes LEFFERTS' plate he looks up at her, and as she exits with plates to pantry it is almost as if he was drawn out of his chair by her charm. He takes a few steps toward the pantry, then turns, facing the audience, saying,)

LEFFERTS. By jove! that must be the face that launched a thousand ships.

CRANE. I beg your pardon. (LEFFERTS sits down again.)

TUCKER. No, it's the cook—and you've seen her before, too.

LEFFERTS. Oh, yes, oh, yes! Very lovely little person, don't you think so?

TUCKER. (*In a superior manner*) I confess I have not been able to take much interest in the personal appearance of servants.

CRANE. Really, Tuck?

LEFFERTS. I say beauty is beauty wherever you find it.

(JANE brings in plate of corn bread and places it c. of table. She takes up tureen and exits into pantry.)

TUCKER. Such a preoccupation with beauty has always struck us as decadent.

LEFFERTS. What, exactly, Mr. Tucker, is your definition of decadent?

TUCKER. Decadent—is—decadent is—it is simple enough, I think—decadent is—

CRANE. Yes, Tuck, what is it?

TUCKER. I shall trouble you for the almonds.

LEFFERTS. A very comprehensive definition.

TUCKER. During a long and varied experience at the bar—

LEFFERTS. Anyhow, the soup was delicious.

(JANE enters with the roast chicken on platter and places it before CRANE, then goes with vegetables on tray to serving table.)

CRANE. Mr. Lefferts has been complimenting your soup, Jane-Ellen.

JANE-ELLEN. Thank you, sor.

WEEKS. Look here, Mr. Crane, what I should like to ask, is what has become of Smithfield?

CRANE. (*Carving chicken*) Smithfield—oh, Smithfield is indisposed.

WEEKS. You—you mean he is sick?

(JANE hands plates to three men—WEEKS, LEFFERTS and TUCKER.)

CRANE. No, no, no, I am sick. Sick of him.

(TUCKER laughs and guffaws with his mouth full.)

CRANE. (Continuing) I have discharged him, also the boy Brindy and the housemaid, Araminta.

WEEKS. What!

CRANE. Yes, Mr. Weeks.

WEEKS. You mean—er—er—you mean to tell me that you and Mr. Tucker and the cook are alone in this house?

CRANE. I regret to say that Mr. Tucker also leaves me this evening.

WEEKS. But—but—but— (JANE goes to serving table for vegetables.)

CRANE. Not now, Mr. Weeks, a little later. After dinner, for the present let's enjoy ourselves.

TUCKER. Yes, yes, yes, will you please help me to some butter? (He discovers butter where LEFFERTS placed it. JANE serves the vegetables.)

WEEKS. Certainly, by all means, but what I should like to ask you, you can't mean, you don't intend to—

CRANE. I won't trouble you with my particular plans. My experience, Mr. Weeks, has been that nobody cares anything about anybody else's trifling, little plans. Their small, domestic complications.

LEFFERTS. Oh, come now, I'm not so sure. It strikes me Mr. Weeks is very much interested, aren't you?

WEEKS. (Stammering, but determined) Yes—yes—I am—extremely—sincerely. You see, I know what would be said in a community like this—what would be thought. You—you get my idea?

CRANE. Not exactly, and what is more, what people think is a matter of small consequence to me.

WEEKS. Yes—yes—as a rule, of course—but in this case I'm sure you'd agree with me if I can only—

CRANE. Doubtless, doubtless, but what is it exactly that you do mean?

LEFFERTS. It's perfectly clear. Mr. Weeks means that in such a small community as this if a young woman should find herself in a position considered compromising by all the most prominent novelists and dramatists, she would—

(JANE-ELLEN, *in passing the vegetable dishes, manages to rub hot dish against TUCKER'S neck.*)

TUCKER. (*Leaping to his feet with something like a curse*) Oh! Ouch! What the devil are you doing?

JANE. Oh, sor, an' I'm so terrible sorry.

TUCKER. Sorry! Huh! (*Mopping at his neck.*)

JANE. I'm not much used to waitin' on the table. (*Puts vegetables down, gets bottle of claret and crosses.*)

CRANE. Tuck! Tuck! It's all right, Jane-El-
len. Don't give it another thought. (*Sees TUCKER, whose face is twisted with anger.*) Mr. Tucker has forgotten it already, haven't you, Tuck?

TUCKER. (*Angrily*) Oh, yes, yes, of course. (*TUCKER sits again.*)

LEFFERTS. (*Looking about*) What a fine old house this is. I'd like to know its history.

TUCKER. Well, sir, it belongs, as you perhaps know, to a family named Daingerfield, who held a highly honored place in the history of this country until they unfortunately espoused the wrong side of

the Civil War. (JANE *indignant at this. She turns away without serving TUCKER with wine.*)

TUCKER. Here, here! Burton, she has omitted me.

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, you have omitted Mr. Tucker.

JANE. Oh, yes, sir. (Fills TUCKER'S glass and exits.)

WEEKS. (*Angrily*) In this part of the country, sir, we are not accustomed to thinking it the wrong side.

TUCKER. (*Bowing slightly*) I believe, sir, that I am voicing the verdict of history.

CRANE. (*Lifting his glass to stay the quarrel*) Gentlemen, I am very pleased to see you all here. (All raise their glasses and take a sip.)

LEFFERTS. (*Having started an embarrassing topic, is now anxious to turn the talk to safer channels*) Anyhow, the present generation of Dainger-fields seems to be an amusing lot.

(JANE *enters and goes to serving table.*)

LEFFERTS. Randolph was speaking about them only last night. He says one of the girls is particularly enchanting—now what was her name? Such a pretty one—oh, yes, Olivia.

JANE. (*From the serving table*) Yes, sor?

(WEEKS *is terrified at this. JANE-ELLEN serves vegetables again to LEFFERTS.*)

CRANE. No one spoke to you, Jane-Ellen. (He continues to look at her.)

JANE. No, sor.

LEFFERTS. Randolph said she was a wholesale fascinator—engaged to three men at one time last summer.

WEEKS. (*Springing to his feet*) Mr. Lefferts, I'd be obliged to you, sir, if you'd tell Mr. Randolph with my compliments that that's not true.

LEFFERTS. Oh! Isn't it? Well, I'm sorry.

WEEKS. Oh, I don't blame you. You're a stranger here, but I do blame him for circulating this groundless gossip about one of the loveliest young ladies in this State.

JANE. (*Presenting vegetables*) Potatoes, sor? (*WEEKS and JANE exchange bitter glances.*)

WEEKS. Thank you, no. (*JANE-ELLEN goes to sideboard. Exits with vegetables on tray.*)

LEFFERTS. Awfully sorry, Mr. Weeks, but really I thought it all rather to the lady's credit—especially in a neighborhood where it must be rather dull if you don't care for hunting.

WEEKS. (*In great exasperation*) That's not the point! The point is that it's not true!

LEFFERTS. (*Conciliatory*) As you say, just as you say.

(Enter JANE. *She takes LEFFERTS' plate into pantry, then to CRANE'S plate and WEEKS'.*)

WEEKS. (*Now much excited*) Miss Olivia Daingerfield is one of the most admired and respected young ladies in Virginia,—I may say in the entire South. I have known her and her family since they were children,—er—

TUCKER. Eh?

WEEKS. Since she was a child—and I should certainly have known if anything of this kind had been the case. (*JANE-ELLEN exits into pantry with CRANE'S plate.*)

LEFFERTS. Undoubtedly you are right, Mr. Weeks, undoubtedly. Yet I confess I never heard of a girl *announcing* more than one engagement at a

time, though once or twice I *have* known girls who

(During LEFFERTS' speech, as JANE-ELLEN passes behind TUCKER, he drops his napkin. While he stoops to pick it up, she takes his plate away. When he discovers the loss of his dinner it is the last straw. He looks first at the table, wondering where his dinner has gone. Then he looks after JANE-ELLEN as she exits, partly with anger and partly with pathos.)

TUCKER. (Exclaiming) Burton, my dinner—

CRANE. Excuse me. She's not used to serving, but she's doing quite well.

(CRANE and JANE, with ice cream, meet face to face R. CRANE rises and crosses to door R.C. with chicken and platter, meeting JANE with the ice-cream bowl. She puts down bowl and takes platter from CRANE, putting it in pantry.)

CRANE. Pardon me, Mr. Lefferts, I interrupted you. We were speaking of— (Returns to table and sits.)

LEFFERTS. I was speaking of the fascinating idea of a young lady being engaged to three men at the same time.

CRANE. Perhaps that is the coming fashion.

LEFFERTS. (Interrupting) I think perhaps you might tell us, Mr. Weeks, what the great beauty of the country looks like.

WEEKS. I can't think this is the time or place for retailing the charms of a young lady—as if it were a slave market. (JANE-ELLEN takes ice-cream bowl to WEEKS.)

JANE. (To WEEKS) Ice cream, sir?

WEEKS. (*Helping himself*) Thank you.

LEFFERTS. It does not seem to me that I have spoken at all disrespectfully of the lady.

TUCKER. Certainly not! Certainly not!

CRANE. It seems to me, Mr. Weeks, if you'll pardon my saying so, that you couldn't be any more touchy about it if you yourself had been one of the young lady's simultaneous fiancés. (*JANE turns slightly up c., laughing.*)

(TUCKER has been looking with admiring eyes at the ice cream, and when LEFFERTS has helped himself he naturally thinks he will be served next, and turns, almost putting his hand out to take the spoon, when JANE-ELLEN deliberately passes him and goes to CRANE.)

WEEKS. Nothing of the sort, sir. Nothing of the sort—

CRANE. Oh, of course not. Nobody says you were. Still, I see no reason why you shouldn't give us a hint as to whether Miss Daingerfield is blonde or brunette, tall or short. (*JANE, on CRANE'S L., offers him ice cream.*)

WEEKS. (*Now thoroughly wretched, with a glance at JANE-ELLEN*) Perhaps, perhaps I see reasons that you do not. (*JANE now passes cream to TUCKER.*)

CRANE. Perhaps. Well, I'll tell you. Jane-El-
len is well acquainted with Miss Daingerfield.

(*JANE takes ice cream off.*)

WEEKS. Oh, no—no.

CRANE. What? Have you forgotten the excel-
lent testimonial the lady gave our cook?

WEEKS. Eh?

CRANE. I think you were present when Mrs. Falkner read it aloud.

WEEKS. Oh—oh—yes—certainly. (JANE enters and goes to sideboard.)

CRANE. (Rising) Jane-Ellen, you've often seen Miss Olivia Daingerfield?

JANE. (At sideboard. Takes taper from cigar tray and lights taper at candelabra down R. and lights spirit lamp on the cigar tray.) Yes, sor, now and thin.

CRANE. Tell us, what was she like?

JANE. (Coming forward, thoughtfully) Well, sor, it's not for the likes av me to say a word ag'in' a young lady that Misther Weeks admires so much. (WEEKS flicks his napkin warningly below table to JANE) All the same, I got me own reasons for thinkin' there was more in thim yarns about her bein' numerous engaged than what Misther Weeks appears to be thinkin'. Servants picks up a good deal, sor, an' they do say that Miss Daingerfield, she—

WEEKS. (Bursting out) Olivia!

JANE. Yis, sor, Miss Olivia Daingerfield. There bein' two av thim, Miss Olivia an' Miss Elizabeth, and as fer looks, now— (Reflecting) Well, she was a very tall—a little taller than yourself.

CRANE. With flashing black eyes, perhaps.

JANE. Yis, sor, an' heaps av blue-black hair.

CRANE. And a deep contralto voice—a perfect goddess, in fact.

JANE. Oh, yes—yes—a perfect goddess, except for a bit av a cast in wan eye. (LEFFERTS laughs.)

WEEKS. Nothing of the sort! Nothing of the sort!

JANE. Well, sor, of coarse, 'twas no more than a little wee wan, an' ye couldn't be seein' it at all, unless ye was very close to the young lady. Mebbe

that's why Misther Weeks was niver afther seein' it.

WEEKS. Nothing of the sort.

JANE. An' she had a terrible, dignified way wid her—oh, terrible dignified! She'd make you shake in your shoes, she would. (*Gets cigar tray from sideboard.*)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, we're very much obliged to you. It was perfect. I feel almost as if Miss Olivia Daingerfield were standing here this moment before me.

JANE. (*Stands R. with tray in hand, then moves to L. of LEFFERTS.*) Faith, sor, if she was, wouldn't it be you that'd be standin'?

(LEFFERTS takes cigarettes and lighter which she places on table. JANE crosses to sideboard and blows candles out.)

CRANE. For my part, I had imagined her as quite different. I had supposed her, for instance, of medium height, soft blue eyes, soft light brown hair, and a mouth— (*JANE exits to pantry.* CRANE hesitates and looks at JANE-ELLEN as if for an inspiration.)

WEEKS. (*Remains seated.*) I regret to say, Mr. Crane, that if this conversation continues to deal disrespectfully with the appearance of a young lady—(*He rises angrily*)—for whom—

(JANE-ELLEN re-enters from pantry with after-dinner coffee. JANE-ELLEN serves coffee, serving as follows—LEFFERTS, WEEKS, CRANE and TUCKER. As she puts down TUCKER'S cup she also puts sugar bowl down. As TUCKER puts out his hand to take sugar, she pushes it to LEFFERTS. The men take cigars and cigarettes.

JANE exits into pantry. The men now settle down to smoke, leaning back in their chairs. Taking the cue from CRANE, all expel a cloud of smoke from their mouths at the same moment. There is a slight pause.)

CRANE. Disrespectfully! Nonsense! Now, I leave it to you, gentlemen, whether anything disrespectful has been said of Jane-Ellen's old employer. (Murmurs from all, "No! Certainly not!")

(JANE, having finished, exits into pantry. Ad lib. talk and bus. of cloud of smoke from each of the four.)

LEFFERTS. (Having finished) Ah! That chicken was delicious and those sweet potatoes, Southern style—um! Can't get 'em up North.

CRANE. Mr. Weeks, you've eaten nothing.

WEEKS. No—I—I wasn't very hungry.

LEFFERTS. (Solemnly) Late luncheon, Mr. Weeks?

WEEKS. Yes—rather.

LEFFERTS. Nothing the matter with your appetite, Mr. Tucker.

CRANE. No, Tuck, in all the excitement, I believe you never missed a stroke. (TUCKER hurriedly places coffee down and jerks his chair angrily back.)

LEFFERTS. (To TUCKER) You're a friend of the kitchen. (All laugh at TUCKER.)

TUCKER. Possibly—possibly. (Pointedly) How did you like our kitchen yourself? (LEFFERTS a bit jarred, coughs.)

CRANE. (Coming to his rescue) How do you like it, Tuck? (TUCKER coughs. To WEEKS) Nice kitchen, isn't it, Mr. Weeks? (WEEKS is just drinking coffee and some of it goes the wrong way.)

(JANE enters and goes down to the sideboard.)

WEEKS. Oh, the kitchen's all right, I reckon.

CRANE. (Rising as he sees JANE re-entering) Gentlemen, stand. (ALL rise, glasses in hand.) To the—ah—kitchen!

(JANE exits quickly into pantry.)

LEFFERTS. (All seated again) By the way, where are all these Daingerfields, anyhow?

CRANE. I understand Mr. Weeks to say that Colonel and Mrs. Daingerfield were abroad. (JANE re-enters and goes to sideboard.) The Colonel's quite ill, I believe, or am I wrong?

WEEKS. Yes, that's true.

CRANE. Not seriously, I hope?

(JANE-ELLEN, at the sideboard, closely watched by CRANE, follows the conversation with the utmost anxiety as she puts liqueur glasses on tray.

WEEKS. Unfortunately, yes. There has been a very serious operation recently in Vienna. In the absence of the family, I, as their agent, receive their telegrams and mail. Just before I came here this evening there was a cable to say that the Colonel was out of danger.

CRANE. Oh, I'm so glad. (JANE exits into pantry again.) Of course you have forwarded the good news to the children?

WEEKS. Oh, yes—yes—I have.

LEFFERTS. Where are they, did you say?

CRANE. Yes, Mr. Weeks, where are they?

WEEKS. (Who has reached the limit of endurance) I regret—I'm not at liberty to say. (WEEKS rises and crosses to R.)

LEFFERTS. Oh, I'm very sorry. Really, I—wouldn't have asked for the world.

WEEKS. And what is more, Mr. Crane, I'm afraid I am pressed for time. I understood Mr. Tucker to say over the 'phone that you wished to see me on business, so if—

CRANE. (Rising) Certainly—of course. I say, Lefferts, would you and Tucker mind finishing your cigars in the drawing-room? (Crosses up to door L.C.)

LEFFERTS. (Rising) Of course not.

TUCKER. (Rising) With pleasure, Burton.

CRANE. You don't mind? You and Tucker have so much in common—kitchens and things. Eh, Tuck? (Going to door, opening it and standing R. of door.)

TUCKER. Possibly—possibly—but I understand that Mr. Lefferts specializes in closets. (He goes out with an air of dignified triumph.)

CRANE. (To LEFFERTS) Sorry to bother you, but I shan't be long.

LEFFERTS. Fairy God-father, you may be just as long as you like. Besides—I've a letter to read. (Produces it.) By the way, you said five thousand a year, didn't you?

CRANE. Yes, didn't you understand me?

LEFFERTS. Yes, but I love to hear you say it. (LEFFERTS exits door L.C.)

CRANE. (Waving WEEKS to chair R.) Please sit down, Mr. Weeks. (Closes door and sits in his own chair, facing audience.) Mr. Weeks, I shall leave this place to-morrow.

WEEKS. What?

CRANE. I have decided to break the lease.

WEEKS. Break the lease?

CRANE. Exactly.

WEEKS. On what grounds? What do you mean?

CRANE. The lease stipulated that you were to provide a staff of competent white servants and you are my witness that to-night I have nobody left but the cook.

WEEKS. Oh, come now. We only agreed to *provide* the servants. We could not guarantee that you would not dismiss them.

CRANE. And why did I dismiss them? I'll tell you—the housemaid for calling one of my guests an old harridan—to her face, mind you—I could have overlooked it if it had been behind her back—; the boy for attempting to assault another guest, and the butler for re-introducing this same violent boy into the house disguised as an old man. I really ought to have them all arrested. I rather think I will.

WEEKS. Oh, I hope—I hope you don't mean that, Mr. Crane.

CRANE. I shouldn't like to feel I had allowed a dangerous gang to be turned loose on the country-side.

WEEKS. I give you my word they are not that. I know all about them.

CRANE. None the less, there is a good deal to be explained. For example, how comes it that you are—I will not say a welcome—but at least an assured and certainly a surreptitious, visitor to my kitchen?

WEEKS. (*Rising, much embarrassed, moves around above chair.*) I do not feel called upon to explain my conduct to anyone.

CRANE. You refuse to answer?

WEEKS. I do.

CRANE. Upon statutory grounds?

WEEKS. What do you mean, sir?

CRANE. Upon the ground that to answer might tend to incriminate or degrade you.

WEEKS. (*Angrily*) No, sir! Certainly not, sir! And if you think you can—

CRANE. Tut! Tut! Another thing; I should like to ask you how an Irish girl like Jane-Ellen can be a full sister to a pair of more or less Englishmen like Smithfield and Brindy?

WEEKS. Nonsense!

CRANE. Yet that's the case.

WEEKS. Who said so?

CRANE. (*Quoting WEEKS*) One of the most admired and respected young ladies in Virginia, I may say in the entire South.

WEEKS. What's her name?

CRANE. That, my dear sir, is what I want you to tell me. (*Rises.*) Well, sir, what have you to say? (*Comes round back of table.*)

WEEKS. Nothing.

CRANE. Do you deny that Brindlebury and Smithfield and Jane-Ellen are brothers and sister?

WEEKS. I—I don't see what that has to do with it.

CRANE. You *don't* deny it?

WEEKS. No—ah—and I don't affirm it.

CRANE. And you don't explain it?

WEEKS. No. (*Crosses to L. end of table.*)

CRANE. And for all I know, Araminta is—by Jove—! (*Enter JANE-ELLEN from pantry. CRANE moves R.C. behind table.*) Jane-Ellen— (*She stops on the way to the sideboard.*) Come here, please. Jane-Ellen, is Araminta your sister?

JANE. (*Hesitates, glances at WEEKS, then back to CRANE.*) Well, sor, ye see, I feel as if she was—we've been that long together, sor—an' she always so swate and obligin' to me an' everythin' the like o' that an' oh, sor, ye'll be excusin' me jist the half av a minute, sor. I got some apples bakin' in the shtove. (*She bolts from the room into the pantry.*)

CRANE. (*Looks at WEEKS a moment, then comes*

down r. of table.) There are four Daingerfield children, I think you said?

WEEKS. Yes, four.

CRANE. Two boys and two girls?

WEEKS. Yes. (*A pause.*)

CRANE. Mr. Weeks, have you the assurance to stand there and tell me, as a Southern gentleman, that you think I have been treated down here with all the consideration I deserve?

WEEKS. I think, on my honor, sir, that you have been treated with unparalleled distinction, sir.

CRANE. Well, I have lived in one continuous three-day riot, if that's what you mean. Have you anything else to say?

WEEKS. No, sir—nothing.

CRANE. In that case, I've no more to say except —good evening.

WEEKS. Good evening. (*Moving up.*)

CRANE. (*Moving to mantel c.*) I shall break the lease. If you and the Daingerfields feel yourselves aggrieved, you have my permission to sue.

WEEKS. But—but—my dear sir, if—if you only knew—

CRANE. Perhaps—but I don't—and you won't tell me.

WEEKS. I—I—oh! I can't—I can't, and that's the truth!

CRANE. Then good evening, Mr. Weeks.

(WEEKS is about to go, but returns.)

WEEKS. (*Up to CRANE*) One more thing—it's about you and—and Jane-Ellen—staying here all alone.

CRANE. Oh, yes, you're concerned about the cook's reputation.

WEEKS. Ye-es, I—I am, sir.

CRANE. Really, Mr. Weeks, don't you think this is carrying Southern chivalry rather far?

WEEKS. No, sir, I don't.

CRANE. (*Ringing the bell*) Very well, we'll let let the cook decide for herself. If she likes she can go and stay the night with my chauffeur's wife.

WEEKS. (*Scandalized at this, too*) Mr. Crane!

CRANE. Dear me! Mr. Weeks, you seem very hard to please.

(Enter JANE-ELLEN from pantry.)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, in a little while you and I are to be the only persons left under this roof. This idea strikes Mr. Weeks as undesirable. How do you feel about it?

JANE. Me, sor?

CRANE. Would you like to go and sleep with my chauffeur's wife?

JANE. Faith, sor, an' I don't think I would. Sure, I'm much obliged to Misther Weeks, but I'm not afraid.

WEEKS. But think—think—what will people say?

JANE. Faith, Mr. Weeks, they'll know nothin' at all about it, av you was to hould ye're tongue. (*She goes to sideboard.*)

CRANE. You see, Mr. Weeks. Anything else?

WEEKS. (*Almost purple with indignation*) I—I, shall go at once and find her brothers. (*Going.*)

CRANE. (*With a cry*) Ah! Then you do admit it!

WEEKS. Admit what?

CRANE. That they are her brothers.

WEEKS. (*Shouting a mixture of rage and grief*) No, I don't! (*With this he rushes from the room, closing door L.C. after him. Pause. CRANE goes down L.*)

CRANE. Please sit down, Jane-Ellen.

JANE. Thank ye, sor, but I'd rather be standin'.

CRANE. Just as you please. I shall be leaving right after breakfast.

JANE. What, sor? (CRANE moves to c. in front of table.)

CRANE. I have told Mr. Weeks that I've decided to break the lease.

JANE. Sure, ye could get more servants in a day or two. Misther Weeks was goin' to do that, anyway. An' I'd be stayin' on till ye cou'd—

CRANE. It isn't that—so much, Jane-Ellen. The thing has not turned out as I had—er—expected. My guests have all left me—in various stages of anger—and—well, my holiday's spoiled. I shall go.

JANE. Sure, 'twill be cruel bad news for—for the young Daingerfields, I'm thinkin'.

CRANE. I daresay they won't mind my going.

JANE. Ah, sor, 'tis worse than that—far worse. They'd never have been rentin' the old place if they hadn't been near starvin'.

CRANE. (Kneels on chair) You're very much attached to them, eh, Jane-Ellen?

JANE. Ye might say that, sor.

CRANE. Especially to the old Colorel, eh?

JANE. Yes, sir.

CRANE. But the tall, dark-eyed Miss Olivia, you don't care much for her?

JANE. Well, sor, if the truth was known she's got her points.

CRANE. But you couldn't stand the woman any longer.

JANE. What's that, sor?

CRANE. You were tired of seeing her around the place. Didn't you say so?

JANE. Oh, well, faith I didn't care what I was sayin' to that ould—to that Mrs. Falkner, beggin' your pardon, sor.

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, something was said at dinner that distressed me deeply.

JANE. Who was it said it?

CRANE. You.

JANE. Me, sor?

CRANE. I was sorry to hear that you believed in Miss Olivia's triple engagement.

JANE. What is it to you, when ye've not afther knowin' her at all?

CRANE. Oh, yes, I know her. (*A pause.*)

JANE. Sure I'm sorry I said anything about a friend av yours, sor. I was supposin' she was quite a shtranger to ye— (*She drops her eyes.*)

CRANE. (*Pause*) I wonder if I shall ever *really* know her. At times she seems very near, as near as you are to me—and, again, suddenly, like a sprite, she dances far away. Why does she do that, Jane-Ellen?

JANE. Belike, sor, belike 'tis only her way.

CRANE. I was afraid that perhaps it was because she didn't trust me. Do you think it could be that? Jane-Ellen, I love her. (*Kneels in chair c. toward her. Catches her hand. A pause*) Will you tell her when you see her? (*Pause.*)

JANE. You must take a poor girl's advice an' don't be hasty. Indade, she's a good bit av a minx. (*Pause.*) Are ye quite sure, now—

CRANE. Yes, yes. She's the most adorable creature I ever saw. And if she will not love me—

JANE. (*After a little pause, taking half a step toward him*) Faith, your honor, an' what then—if she will not love you? (*CRANE drops hand.*)

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, were you ever abroad in the early morning in the springtime—just before the sun had risen?

JANE. Faith, then, I was.

CRANE. Well, then, you may remember that the

trees, the flowers, the grass, the water, the sky—all the earth—seemed waiting, hushed, with its fingers on its lips—waiting—for the dawn. All my life's been like that, Jane-Ellen, waiting, watching, for the loveliest, the sweetest thing to happen. And now—now when it's so near—

JANE. (*After a pause*) Sure. 'Tis very deep—an' chilly—at that hour o' the mornin'.

CRANE. (*In despair turns down L. a little.*) Ah, you're making fun of me!

JANE. Not me, your honor. Faith, 'tis not me-silf c'u'd iver be that bould.

CRANE. Jane-Ellen, in a little while, when I pass through that door, it may be for the last time, and though I may never see her unforgettable face or hear her blessed voice again, all that I am and hope for is hers. And though her heart may never turn to me I still shall bless her name because it is so wonderful to know that anything so lovely as herself can be. And that's my last message to her, Jane-Ellen. Do you think you can remember to tell her that?

JANE. Sure, then, I'll try. Only—only she's that conceited there'll be no livin' wid her at all, at all.

CRANE. But you must tell her just the same. You will?

JANE. Faith, then, I will.

CRANE. Thank you. (*He puts out his hand formally. She lets him take her hand. Suddenly he lifts it to his lips, then lowers her hand and turns to go.*) And now, good-bye, Jane-Ellen, good-bye. (*She pulls him back to original position.*) Jane-Ellen!

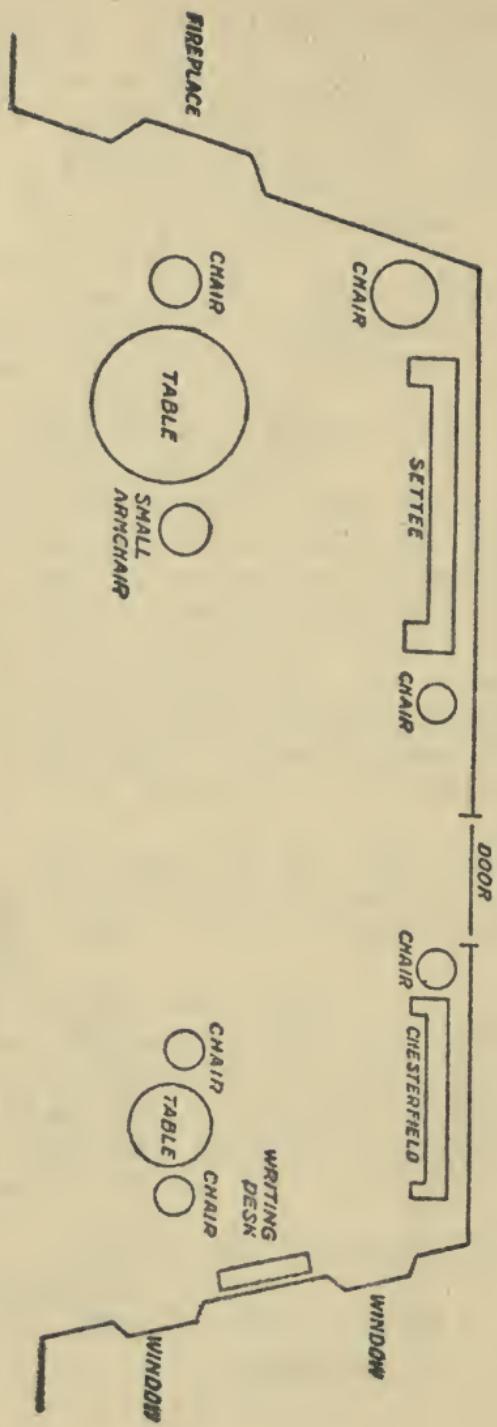
JANE. (*With a little curtsey*) Did you really like me cookin'?

CRANE. Olivia! (*They embrace.*)

CURTAIN

HALL BACKING

FOOT OF STAIRCASE



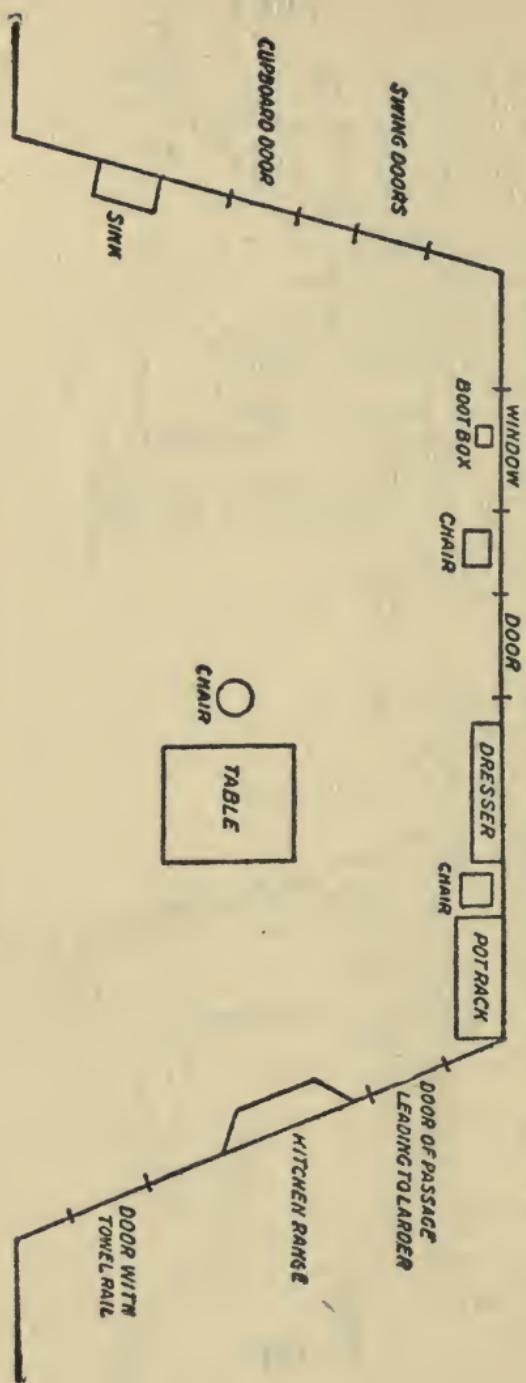
SCENE DESIGN ACT 1

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

ACT I

Three framed pictures (2 still life, 1 portrait).
One bell pull fastening.
One tapestry bell pull, brass end pieces.
Two brass curtain rods (12 rings on each).
Four brackets, supports for same.
Two pairs of grey curtains.
Large Axminster carpet (fawn).
Two Axminster rugs.
One Persian rug (brown).
One large blue and white vase.
One mahogany bracket clock.
One large painted satinwood settee.
Four small painted satinwood chairs.
Two arm painted satinwood chairs.
One Chesterfield.
One round painted satinwood table.
Three cushions (2 tapestry, 1 black satin).
One gilt French clock.
One Adam brass and iron fire grate.
One painted and inlaid satinwood writing desk.
Two coffee cups and saucers.
Two coffee spoons.
Electro-plated spirit lamp.
Small silver cigarette box.
Coffee.
Matches.
Cigars.
Cigarettes.
Letter (with cheque).
Letter (reference).
Two small ash trays.
One French footstool.
One circular gilt mirror with eagle.
One brass fender.
One set brass fire-irons.
One embroidery fire screen.
Two blue and white china bowls.
Two blue and white china vases (straight).
Three blue and white china vases with lids (1 not used).
Artificial roses.
Artificial chrysanthemums.
American magazines.
Miniature in oval gilt frame on table L. C.
Bag of golf clubs by door.
Attache case.
Strap.
Books.
Blotting pad.
Pen-tray.
Ink pot.
Pens.
Handbag with initials O. D.
Duster.
Motor horn (Klaxon).
Door knocker.
Small round salver.

GARDEN BACKING



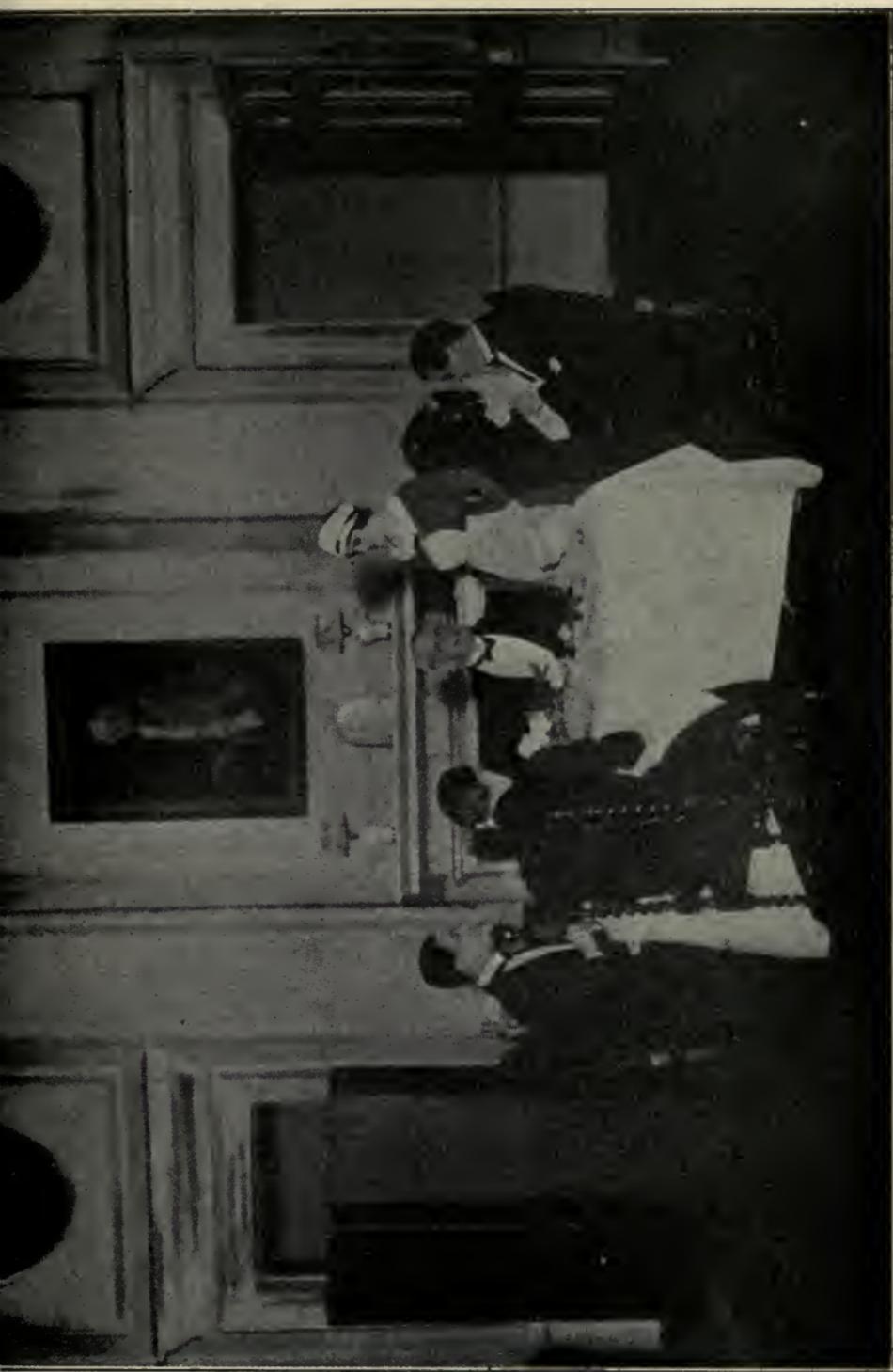
SCENE DESIGN ACT 2
" COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN "

ACT II

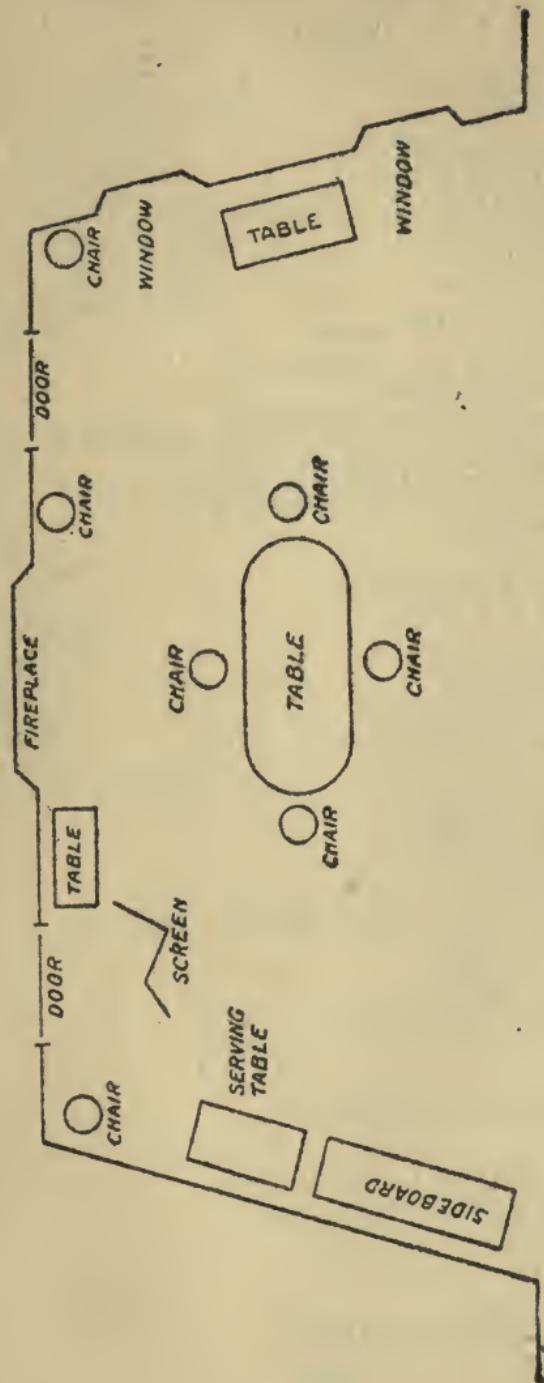
White stone sink, with plug on brass chain and waste pipe.
Stand for sink.
Draining board with hinged trestle.
Iron pump (secured with bolts).
Board packing for pump with bolts to secure to flat.
Shelf with attached brackets (pin hinges to cupboard backing).
Six bells with pendulums on board; three bells wired, clips to attach whole to flat.
Green blind to window, clips to attach.
Two small rush-seated arm chairs.
Kitchen table covered American cloth.
Dresser with shelves.
Small kitchen table.
Pot rack with hooks, clips to attach to flat.
Kitchen range.
Towel roller and supports. Clip to attach to door.
Small flour barrel on dresser.
Coal scuttle.
Ice cream freezer.
Picture in frame (Geo. Washington).
Two roller towels.
Scrubbing brush.
Dish mop.
Iron cauldron.
Dustpan.
Hand brush.
Two brooms.
Mop.
Bannister brush.
Seven tins (provisions).
Enamel tray.
Plates to break.
Broken plate.
Six dishcloths.
Box containing boot-brush, pair of boots.
Two Willow pattern dishes on dresser.
Twelve Willow pattern plates on dresser.
Three jugs.
One enamel mug.
Two large bowls.
Two basins.
Tin of baking powder.
Sieve.
Packet of quaker oats.
Ironing board.
Two copper saucepans with lids.
Two small frying pans (copper).
Two large frying pans (copper).
Five baking pans.
Grid iron.
Five wooden spoons.
Kitchen clock.
Iron holder.
Pepper pot.

130 COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

Salt Shaker.
Sugar dredger.
Kettle (large iron).
Flat iron.
Potato knife.
Kitchen knife.
Kitchen fork.
Plate.
Jam pot.
Stone bottle.
Nutmeg grater.
Three white cups.
White bowl.
Blue and white cup.
Two lace collars.
Chicken.
Blue, white and gilt dish.
Two enamel bowls.
Blue and white jug.
Tin bowl.
Grease.
Flour.
Cornmeal.
Doughnuts.
Butter.
Treacle.
Sherry.
Nutmeg.
Parsley.
Eggs.
Milk.
Handkerchiefs.
Letter.
Cablegram.



"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"



SCENE DESIGN ACT 3
"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

ACT II

Oval dining table.
Six small chairs.
Persian rug.
Large Sheraton sideboard.
Mahogany serving table.
Mahogany firescreen.
Two mahogany knife boxes.
Square Turkey carpet.
Butter tray stand.
Green folding screen.
Oak fender.
Steel fireirons set with stand.
Bell pull fixing.
Printed linen bell pull, brass ends.
Bronze and marble clock.
Two bronze and marble ornaments.
Half round mahogany side table for between windows.
Two pairs brackets for curtain rods.
Two curtain rods and rings doubled from Act I.
Two pairs green silk brocade curtains.
Large blue and white vase.
White table cloths.
Table napkins.
Two three armed candelabra.
Carving knife and fork.
Dinner bell.
Set of six dish mats.
Two wine decanters.
Four sherry glasses.
Four large wine glasses.
Small plated salver doubled from Act I.
Two plated forks.
Seven plated table spoons.
One plated soup ladle.
Four plated tea spoons.
Four plated coffee spoons.
Four large knives.
Four small knives.
Blue and white flower bowl doubled from Act I.
Artificial roses.
Plates, bread basket.
Two glass salt cellars.
Two plated salt spoons.
Glass and plated butter dish.
Plated butter knife.
Glass dish.
Plated pepper pot.
Glass and plated salt shaker.
Wine basket.
Water bottle.
Four glass ice plates.
Plated dish with lid.
Plated spoon.

Small oak tray.
Cigar box.
Silver cigarette box.
Spirit lamp doubled from Act I.

Four soup plates.
Five meat plates.
Three vegetable dishes.
One meat dish.
Oak butler's tray.
Cut glass bowl.
Large plated tray.
Four coffee cups and saucers.
(2 doubled from Act I).
Plated sugar basin.
Plated sugar tongs.
Plated cream jug.
Almonds.
Olives.
Salt.
Sherry.
Port.
Bottle of claret.
Coffee.
Sugar.
Soup.
Butter.
Bread.
Cornbread.
Chicken.
Doughnuts.
Vegetables.
Ice cream.
Cigarettes.
Cigars.
Matches.
Cablegram.
Letter.
Wig and whiskers.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Caesar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours. 1 interior.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and daughter," says the critic of the New York *World*, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain." One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costume, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

No wonder "Kempy" has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It's electric. It's small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a high-falutin' daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun growing out of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

FRENCH'S Standard Library Edition

Includes Plays by

George M. Cohan	Augustus Thomas	George Kelly
Winchell Smith	Rachel Crothers	Louis N. Parker
Booth Tarkington	W. W. Jacobs	Anthony Hope
William Gillette	Ernest Denny	Lewis Beach
Frank Craven	Kenyon Nicholson	Guy Bolton
Owen Davis	Aaron Hoffman	Edward E. Rose
Austin Strong	H. V. Esmond	Marc Connelly
A. A. Milne	Edgar Selwyn	Frederick Paulding
Harriet Ford	Laurence Housman	Lynn Starling
Paul Green	Israel Zangwill	Clyde Fitch
James Montgomery	Walter Hackett	Earl Derr Biggers
Arthur Richman	A. E. Thomas	Thomas Broadhurst
Philip Barry	Edna Ferber	Charles Klein
George Middleton	John Henry Mears	Bayard Veiller
Channing Pollock	Mark Swan	Grace L. Furniss
George Kaufman	John B. Stapleton	Martha Morton
Martin Flavin	Frederick Lonsdale	Robert Housum
Victor Mapes	Bryon Osgley	Carlisle Moore
Kate Douglas Wiggin	Rex Beach	Salisbury Field
Rida Johnson Young	Paul Armstrong	Leo Dietrichstein
Margaret Mayo	H. A. Du Souchet	Harry James Smith
Rel Cooper Megrue	George Ade	Eden Phillpotts
Joan Webster	J. Hartley Manners	Brander Tyman
George Broadhurst	Barry Connors	Clayton Hamilton
George Abbott	Edith Ellis	Edward Sheldon
Frederick S. Isham	Harold Brighouse	Richard Anthony
Fred Ballard	Harvey J. O'Higgins	Julie Lippman
Percy Mackaye	Clare Kunimer	Paul Dickey
Willard Mack	James Barnes	Frank Bacon
Jerome K. Jerome	William C. DeMille	Edward Pauken
R. C. Carton	Thompson Buchanan	Adelaide Matthews
William Cary Duncan	C. Haddon Chambers	A. E. W. Mason
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	Richard Harding Davis	Cesme Gorden-Lennox

Catherine Chisholm Cushing	J. C. and Elliott Nugent
Edward Childs Carpenter	Justin Huntley McCarthy
Madeleine Lucette Ryley	Josephine Preston Peabody

French's International Copyrighted Edition contains plays, comedies and farces of international reputation; also recent professional successes by famous American and English Authors.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Oldest Play Publisher in the World

25 West 45th Street,

NEW YORK CITY

